



DISCARDING FROM STRENGTH

C COLES PHILLIPS

Columbia

RED LION

The Columbia is a car of a thousand excellencies, appreciated for its fine design and careful building, and for a wealth of exclusive features other cars do not possess.

Painted by Geo. Gil

THE COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Station 106-A, Hartford, Connecticut
LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT

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Advice to a Baby

Exercise systematically the muscles of the throat and lungs. Remember that for this purpose the night air is the best.

Remember that bed clothes have but one use—to be kicked off. This exercise is also a fine preparation for football.

When being bathed, suffer silently. There are some tortures that cannot even be expressed in yells.

Always keep in reserve a certain amount of strength for the time when your mother or the nurse is obliged to go out, thus leaving you alone with your father. At these periods you can show what you really amount to.

Regard all relatives with suspicion. But wear their clothes with complacency.

Insist upon being rocked to sleep every night. It will endear you more than ever to everybody.

When on a railroad train keep as quiet as the grave until everybody has settled down to a quiet ride and the serious old gentleman in the next seat has remarked that he never saw such a good baby. Then begin to stir and settle down gradually to a series of blood-curdling yells.

As you grow older and are taken out in your baby carriage try and break the springs by jouncing up and down. If you succeed, you will begin to make your parents see that they might as well reconcile themselves to paying for your damages.

Philip Morris Cigarettes



Among the thousands of converts, a backslider has never been known.

CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten

AMBASSADOR 35c
the after-dinner size

In Cork and Plain Tips

"The Little Brown Box"

Victor Records by John McCormack

March 10, 1910.

"I believe that the process by which the new Victor Records are made is the most perfect of all methods of voice reproduction.

"I know that the greatest vocal artists in the world make records of their voices exclusively for the Victor Company. I have, therefore, signed an agreement to make records only for the Victor Company and am proud to add my name to such a distinguished list of singers."

Hear these new records—made by the improved Victor process—at any Victor dealer's. Ask specially to hear "Rudolph's Narrative" from Bohème (88218), and "Killarney" (74157).

John McCormack

And be sure to hear the
Victrola



To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Kick the nurse in the face occasionally just to show her that there are no hard feelings.

A Theory

"Infant prodigies are hard to understand," said the man who is easily impressed.

"I don't think so," replied Miss Cayenne. "As a rule they are simply young people with highly imaginative parents."—Washington Star.



"HI! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT MACARONI?"

"GOLLY! I THOUGHT IT WAS FIRE HOSE."

From Our Readers



From One of 'Em

Dear Life:—You have pictured men and women in their varied social relations, but out of inherent prejudice you have omitted that greatest class, the bachelors, "one of whom I am which."

I am the gardener who coaxes the social buds into their first expansion, and yet discreetly retires when the gods come. I prolong the hope of the spinsters, but escape (thus far) in ample time. I aid at the dinner party, for I never tread upon the already too compressed toes of the guests. I am the solace of the widows. I am the idler wheel in the complex machinery of the social system—taking up a loosening here, relieving a tension there and adjusting the nice balance that requires the experienced hand and the unselfish heart.

Admit that you are envious of my freedom, but be broad enough this coming autumn to devote a number of LIFE to my class—the bachelor beatific.

Sincerely yours,
F. C. C.

DENVER, COL., March 29, 1910.

The Coming Scare

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York, U. S. A.

Dear Life:—Notice in copy of *Leslie's Weekly* for April 21 the following from an article by Harriet Quimby, a part of which is quoted from Dr. H. G. Grable, physician in charge of Barnum and Bailey's Circus Hospital Car:

"Animal bites?" repeated the doctor, in reply to a question. "Yes, we have plenty of them, and also many lacerations from sharp claws; but nothing serious ever comes of them. We have never had a case of blood poisoning or lock-jaw, two diseases which most threaten canvas men and animal trainers."

Dr. Grable smiled at my question regarding hydrophobia. "In my opinion," he replied, "it is only one doctor out of a thousand that ever comes in contact with a case of hydrophobia. It is a very rare disease, indeed. I have never heard of a case among circus animals."

The above would undoubtedly be very reassuring to the many people who already have begun to fear the summer with its mad-dog scares. It would not cause great joy in the bosom of the dog-catcher, though, who in the next few months will invade our private home property with his wire loop to cop our kids' pups. Neither will it make the hardwareman, with his torturing muzzles to sell, dance with glee. Nor if it were possible for it to be influential would it cause mirth in the various Pasteur institutes scattered abroad in our land. If the cops in our cities believed it, the peaceful citizen might be able to go his peaceful way, fearing not that his innocent body would be a resting place for a stray bullet meant for "Ferocious (?) Fido."

Nothing like this will happen, though. The summer will bring its usual quota of dead pups, broken-hearted little kids that did not want them killed and nervous old-maidy men who have hysterics when "Ponto" won't foun-der himself on water.

Yours,
E. E. BOMAR.

Tipping

Dear Life:—Your correspondents complaining of the evils of the tipping system are evidently ignorant of the fact that there is a law in the State of New York prohibit-

ing the practice, with severe penalties. You might print the law, or extracts from it, for their edification, with the suggestion that they help to enforce it.

Use the following two-line editorial if you choose:
Let us bust the trusts before the trusts bust us.

C. G. HARGER, JR.

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 23, 1910.

From a Friend

Dear Life:—Your wonderful improvement during the past year has made it necessary for me to discontinue my subscription. Formerly, when away from home, I could wait until you were forwarded, but now I find you so indispensable that each week sees me at the newsstand waiting for your arrival—and this is my first step in the reduction of the high cost of living. Yours truly,

W. J. RYAN.

PORTLAND, ORE., April 12, 1910.

Some Leading Questions

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York.

Gentlemen:—On page 677 in your issue of April 14 I notice an article entitled "Modern Municipal Problems," by Ellis O. Jones, in which he asks a number of questions relative to the situation in Philadelphia. I would like to ask a few along the same lines, and trust you will give same space in your valuable paper.

To what extent may a union, to which 50 per cent. of the members are coerced into joining through fear of bodily harm, have the exclusive right to run street cars, and at the same time the exclusive right not to run them?

To what extent are policemen justified in clubbing union thugs in the interest of non-union men who wish to work and citizens who wish to ride?

To what extent are union rowdies justified in rioting when they wish to show their disapproval of law and order?

To what extent is a union (not incorporated and not liable as a body for breaches of the law) justified in upsetting the peace of a community in order to show its hatred for its employers and non-union men?

To what extent has a "committee of ten" imported union leaders the right to interfere and trample on the social and business rights of a community of over a million people?

J. A. L.

WHEELING, W. VA., April 14, 1910.



"LOOK HERE, JANE, I DON'T MIND YOUR WEARING MY BEST DERBY TO YOUR POLITICAL MEETINGS, OR EVEN STICKING A FEATHER IN THE BAND, BUT I DO OBJECT TO YOUR PERFORATING IT WITH HATPINS."

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

¶ Boston Garters are made of best materials in a clean factory, by well-paid help.

¶ Every pair warranted — penalty, a new pair or your money back.

Boston Garters



Are Recognized the
Standard, and
Worn the World
Over by Well
Dressed Men.

Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c.; Silk, 50c.
Mailed on Receipt of Price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

See that BOSTON GARTER is stamped on the clasp.



"Life's" College Contest

To All College Students:

LIFE will give one hundred dollars for the cleverest article, suited to LIFE'S uses, on each college and its life.

Every college student is eligible to compete. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE.

For all manuscripts which do not receive the prize, but which are deemed worthy of publication, LIFE will pay at its regular rates.

CONDITIONS.

Manuscripts should not be more than fifteen hundred words in length and should be typewritten when possible or written in a legible hand.

Manuscripts should be written only on one side of the paper.

The contest will close on June 1, 1910, no contributions received after that date being considered.

The name and address of the sender and his class year should be written on the upper left hand corner of each manuscript.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by return postage.

No individual inquiries can be answered, but where an inquiry is of a general nature a reply covering the point at issue will be published in LIFE.

The competition is open also to girls' colleges.

All communications will be treated confidentially, and the author's name will not be published unless so desired.

Address

COLLEGE CONTEST,
LIFE,
17 West Thirty-first Street.

Republic Tires

Republic Tires
cost least per
mile, although
they cost most
per tire.

"Saving the
fussing," how-
ever, is the big-
gest considera-
tion to most
people.

REPUBLIC RUBBER CO.
Youngstown, O.

New York City, 229 W. 58th St.;
Boston, 735 Boylston St.; Buffalo,
908 Main St.; Chicago, 116 Lake
St.; Cincinnati, 7th and Walnut
Sts.; Cleveland, 5919 Euclid Ave.;
Council Bluffs, Ia.; Detroit, 246
Jefferson Ave.; Denver, 1721
Stout St.; Indianapolis, 208 S.
Illinois St.; Kansas City, 1508
Grand Ave.; Los Angeles, 1046 S.
Main St.; Milwaukee, 457 Mil-
waukee St.; Philadelphia, 328 N.
Broad St.; Pittsburg, 627 Liberty
Ave.; Rochester, 61 St. Paul St.;
St. Louis, 364 Olive St.; St. Paul,
180 East 4th St.; San Francisco,
156 First St.; Salt Lake City, 30
State St.; Seattle, 1419 Broadway;
Spokane, 9 First Ave.; Toledo,
231 Superior St.

ANIMAL NUMBER

Next Week



OUR GREAT COLLEGE CONTEST

Is now on.

Please read the conditions carefully, and send us your story at as early a date as possible.



"Getting out the next Number of LIFE is a real pleasure. Right in my line."

THAT GOODY GOODY NUMBER

Is giving us considerable anxiety these days.

Nothing that will bring the blush of shame to the alabaster cheek of purity will be permitted to enter its hallowed pages.

FEATURES

LIFE is running at present

At least forty pages each week, and on the first of the month from eighty to one hundred pages.

More original line and half-tone pictures from the best artists in this country than any other three periodicals.

More cleverly written comment on Every Body and Every Thing than you can get anywhere else.

More fun.

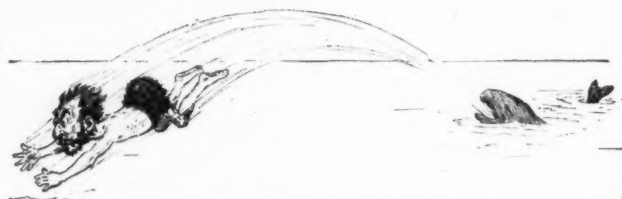
More wisdom.

More fearlessness.

Lead the Five Dollar Life. It's absolutely necessary to a wideawake, cultured and modern American citizen.

We don't need the money, but you need the inspiration—in your business.

P. S. — College Contest, Historic Fun, Colored Covers, Literary Finalities, Book Guides, Dramatic Penetration, Finished Verse, Eminent Epigrams.



The Whale: "I thought I would obey that Impulse and add a subscriber to LIFE."



THESE NUMBERS NEXT

May 26—College
June 2—Travel
June 9—Courtship
June 16—Home, Sweet Home
June 23—Book
June 30—Yankee Doodle

Order of issue subject to change, where other unforeseen subjects interfere. We really can't guarantee anything because we are swimming on the crest of a wave all the time, and we may change crests at any instant. Try a few crests with us. You will get an enlarged vision and forget your troubles.

Enclosed find one dollar (Canadian \$1.13). Send LIFE for three months to



Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate

Subscription \$5.00

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04

ENGLISH TOURS By AUTOMOBILE

PRIVATE CARS. GO WHERE YOU PLEASE.
Illustrated Booklet Free By Post.

MOTOR TOURING COMPANY,
Pembroke Place, - Liverpool, England.

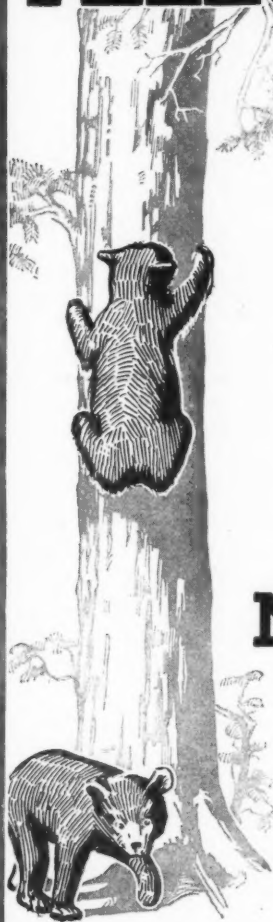
Tarred with the Same Stick

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's swart civilians?
—Kipling.

In mordant words, his eyes aflame
with scorn, the Preacher denounced the
Sugar Trust and arraigned its direc-
tors. "They are whited sepulchres,"
he said, "who rob widow's houses and
for a pretence make long prayers."

And the coachman and the chauffeur,
the cook, the lawyer and the doctor
inwardly answered: "Amen." And when
the offering was taken the coachman
gave ten cents, the first part of fifty
dollars the dealer had given him the
day before, when on his advice his
employer bought a three hundred and
fifty-dollar mare for five hundred
dollars. The chauffeur's gift to the
Lord was of like amount. It was a
part of the ten per cent. of the bill
for tires and gasoline the keeper of the
garage had ungenerously grudged him
when he brought his employer's check
for the full amount. A quiet sugges-
tion to the effect that "Mr. Reachout
around the corner would be glad to

See the animals in YELLOWSTONE PARK



Not the least of the many attractions
of "Wonderland" are the Bears, Bison,
Elk, Deer and Antelope which roam
this magnificent domain.

Nature seems to have taken delight in
assembling everything she could to
quicken the pulse, kindle the eye and awe
the mind of man.

You should see the giant canyons,
towering peaks, noble cataracts, bubbling
hot springs, spouting geysers and weird
formations of rock and lava.

You should enjoy a stay at the fine hotels,
striking in architecture and pleasing in service.
You should experience, too, a trip over the "Scenic
Highway through the Land of Fortune":

Northern Pacific Ry

Operating through Pullman Sleeping Cars, with-
out change, direct to the Park boundary at

Gardiner Gateway

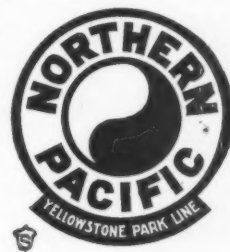
the official entrance, daily during the open season:
June 15 to September 15, 1910.

Summer Tourist Fares to the North
Pacific Coast effective daily, June 1
to September 30, 1910.

Write for "Land of Geysers" book-
let and Park folder—with full partic-
ulars of fares and train service. Address

A. M. CLELAND

General Passenger Agent
ST. PAUL, MINN



Fourth Annual
Rose Festival,
Portland, Ore.,
June 6-11, 1910

Ask for de luxe booklet,
describing it.

Motor Apparel Shop

Everything that
Comfort Demands
for the Motorist

IN as many new models as there are
trained minds on both continents to
conceive them, we present:

Motor garments of thin, soft fabrics,
such as linens, mohairs, silks and gabar-
dines, for men and women.

The quality of both fabrics and tailoring
is high. The prices are not.

Send for Catalogue L.

Fox, Stiefel & Co. FIFTH AVE. &
34th St. N. Y.

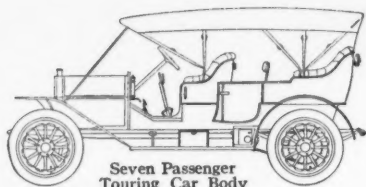
have the business on that basis" brought the stingy garage man to his senses.

The cook sat back in silent satisfac-
tion when she gave a quarter, and in-
cidentally noted that the wealthy Mrs.
Closefist could have given no more, for
there were only three dollar bills on
the plate when it came to her, while
Mr. and Mrs. Wellden and Mr. Save-
man always gave a dollar each. Her

offering was a tithe of one of the many
remembrances the dairyman, Mr. Jer-
sey, was accustomed thoughtfully to
hand her for her kindness in not say-
ing that his milk was bluer and his
cream thinner than that of Mr. Hol-
stein, his rival.

The lawyer and the doctor as be-
fitting their position each gave a dol-

(Continued on page 868)



Seven Passenger
Touring Car Body

BUILDERS
OF THE BEST
AUTOMOBILE BODIES

THE HOLBROOK CO.

509-15 West 56th Street
NEW YORK

Tarred with the Same Stick
(Continued from page 867)

lar. It looked large on the plate against the ten-cent pieces and quarters of the others and their generosity gave them a comfortable feeling. As counsel for the widow Mrs. Hardluck, whose husband had been killed while getting off a trolley, the lawyer had just settled out of court with the greedy companion for a thousand dollars rather than risk the poor woman's interests in a suit. Of this sum he generously gave her half, after telling her that it was charity, since the cost of the case covered the whole of the amount. Strangely enough, the doctor had just received a check from the nerve specialist as a token of professional appreciation for the patients he had passed on, though he knew nothing could be done for them. But poor mortals! they would

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3 & \$2.50
Workingmen's \$2.00 Shoes Boys' Shoes, \$3, \$2.50 & \$2

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make,

BECAUSE:

W. L. Douglas \$5.00 and \$4.00 shoes equal, in style, fit and wear, other makes costing \$6.00 to \$8.00.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$3, \$2.50 and \$2 shoes are the lowest price, quality considered, in the world.

Fast Color Eyelets.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If they are not for sale in your town write for Mail Order Catalog, giving full directions how to order by mail. Shoes ordered direct from factory delivered to the wearer all charges prepaid. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



be easier in mind spending their money than doing nothing.

As the congregation left the church it was happy in the possession of a preacher of such prophetic utterance that he did not shrink from condemning sinners in the highest places. And the preacher was happy, for Mrs. Muchcash, whose husband was a director in an honest corporation, had invited him and his wife and children

to spend the summer in her cottage in the Catskills.

John Archibald MacCallum.

Waterproof

MOTHER: In all that wild storm your sister Maggie went out with her throat all bare and exposed.

BROTHER: Rain won't hurt her. She's got a rubber neck.

JUNE AINSLEE'S

"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS"

There is to be a greater variety of fiction in the June number of AINSLEE'S than the magazine has contained for some time, and much greater than any other periodical has ever published.

Buy it and read it and then judge for yourself.

Meantime here are a few of the items of the table of contents:

LEONARD MERRICK

is the author of the complete novel, "THE WHOLE QUESTION," which is one of his very best.

EMILY POST

concludes her three-part story, "THE EAGLE'S FEATHER." As far as it has gone it must surely have interested you.

HAROLD MacGRATH

also concludes his novel, "A SPLENDID HAZARD," and as to this story, we leave you and your friends to praise it. You have been doing so since it began.

Besides these three novels, there will be

TWELVE SHORT STORIES

and they will include such themes as the West, adventure, detective, society, bridge, and, of course, love.

Joseph C. Lincoln, Elia W. Peattie, Owen Oliver, Samuel Gordon, Ian Hay, Martha McCulloch Williams, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, F. Berkeley Smith, Jane W. Guthrie, Alice Prescott Smith, Eleanor H. Porter and Adele Leuhrman are the authors of a particularly brilliant lot of short stories.

15c. PER COPY

\$1.80 PER YEAR

AINSLEE MAGAZINE COMPANY, NEW YORK

Summer is the Season You Need a Sweater Coat

Light, warm and easy to carry, it is always smart and unwrinkled when you wear it, even when it has been packed all day in a picnic basket.

SchmidtKnit Sweater Coats

have the jaunty style of a carefully tailored garment. Knit from the finest imported yarn, fit and finish are perfect; styles six months in advance of all others. Your dealer keeps them; if not, write us direct.



Sweater Coat Style Book Free

A most interesting little booklet fully describing all kinds of knit goods. Send for it to-day and learn why the SchmidtKnit sets the style for Sweater Coats.



THE STANDARD KNITTING CO.
Dept. 14. (9) Cleveland, O.

Why Not Have a Parcels-Post?

When John Wanamaker was Postmaster-General he explained why we could not have a parcels-post:

"There are four insuperable obstacles," he said, when asked why we could not

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

1810 For one hundred years Old Overholt has tickled the taste of lovers of the good things of Life. 1910



JUST THE RIGHT "SMACK"

Mild, mellow and fragrant, aged in wood—Old Overholt has a deliciousness all its own.

Distilled and Bottled in Bond by A. OVERHOLT & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

have what England and Germany had. "The first is the Adams Express Company, the second is the American Express Company, the third is the Wells-Fargo Express Company and the fourth is the United States Express Company."

Fancy Food

I have eaten French and Spanish, Swiss, Hungarian and Dutch; I have seen the goulash vanish and have puzzled overmuch in the tangles of spaghetti speared and twisted on my fork; I've had salad of confetti and the pickled spurs of stork; I have gnawed at walrus blubber in the land of midnight sun; I've been sea-dog and land-lubber and my appetite has run through the gastro-nomic highways with the gluttons of Broadway and along secluded byways to some alley-door café. And when all the odors vanish of the garlic and the cheese, when the chili of the Spanish and the curry of Burmese have gone sizzling past my glottis and have argued on the way as to which of them is hottest—I am yet constrained to say there is nothing in the menu of the whole world can compare with the gladness you have when you sit at home to simple fare.

I have eaten steaks with buttons of broiled mushrooms up the back; I have heard the sighs of gluttons when the claws of lobsters crack; I've had birds' nest and chop suey such as mandarins have tried, and such sauerkraut—Ach, Looey!—with ham knuckles on the side; I've had stock-fish with drawn butter that was soaked six weeks in lye, and heard sons of vikings utter in delight a heaving sigh that was drawn out like the butter, and with gladness I've helped scan where the fresh-caught trout would sputter with the bacon in the pan. And when I have near digested all the kinds of food there be I have come back home and rested at my own mahogany, and the roast beef and brown gravy I have been content to share with the fluffy rolls and wavy—the delights of simple fare.

I've had dishes done by masters of the realms of grub abstruse; I've had salads, mushes, plasters, salted whale and pickled moose; I have run the blessed gamut, all the harmonies of food; I have tried the steaming clam at high or low tide of its mood; I have seen the social mob stir when the theatre was through to the haunts of quail and lobster all a-cry for something new; I have swung the lobster mallet in the wastes of claw and shell and have introduced my palate to whatever promised well; I have had things chafed and chided, plain and smoked and casserole; I've had planked fish, shingled, sided, splintered, floored, shiplapped and poled; and it brings one sage conclusion that I know you'll come to share: Out of all this grub confusion there is naught like good home fare.—J. W. Foley, in Saturday Evening Post.

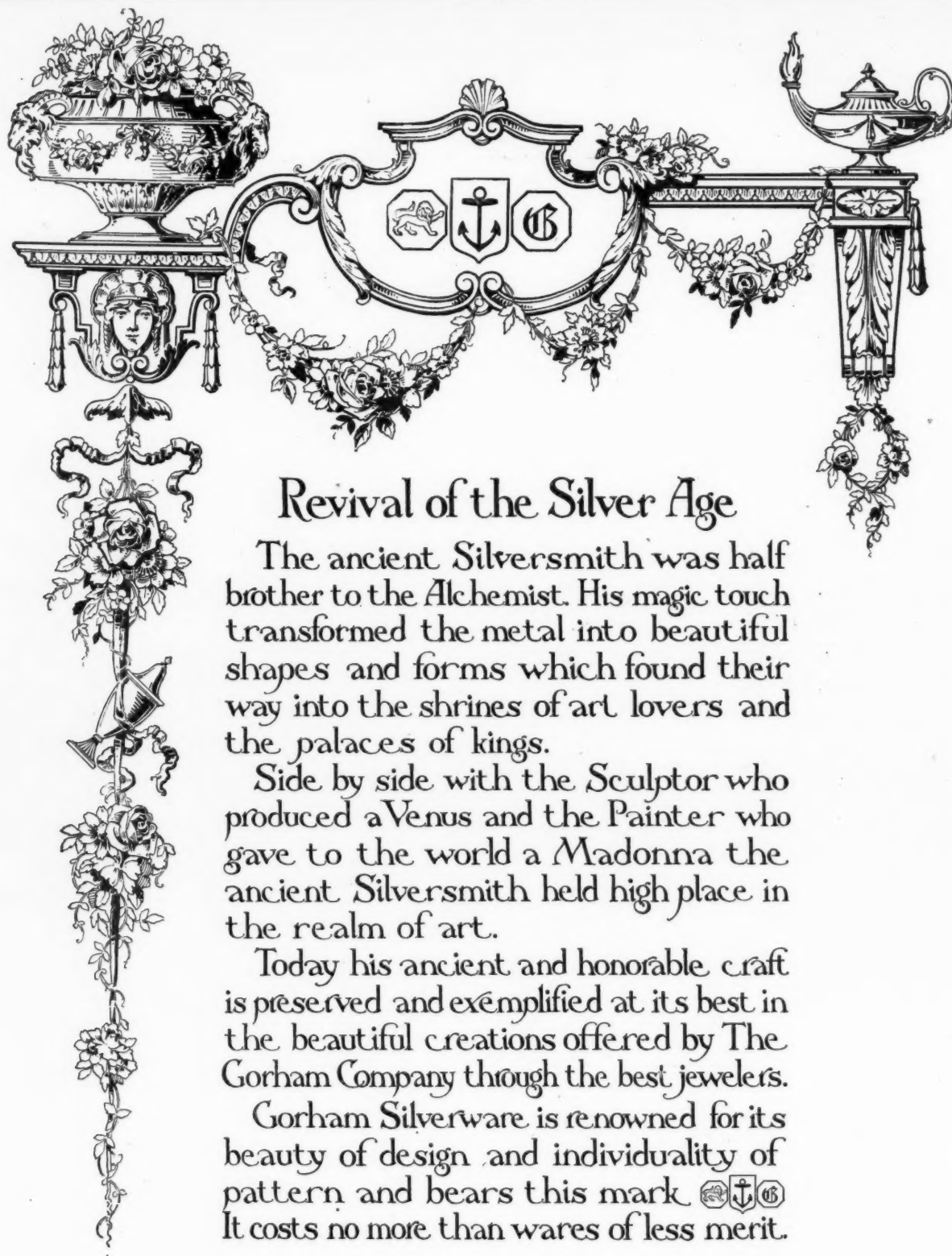


Outdoor Sports

best reflect glow and vigor when the skin is healthy. Avoid the cause of red, rough skin; insure a matchless complexion, soft, white hands and wholesome comfort by using the purest soap—

Pears' Soap






Revival of the Silver Age

The ancient Silversmith was half brother to the Alchemist. His magic touch transformed the metal into beautiful shapes and forms which found their way into the shrines of art lovers and the palaces of kings.

Side by side with the Sculptor who produced a Venus and the Painter who gave to the world a Madonna the ancient Silversmith held high place in the realm of art.

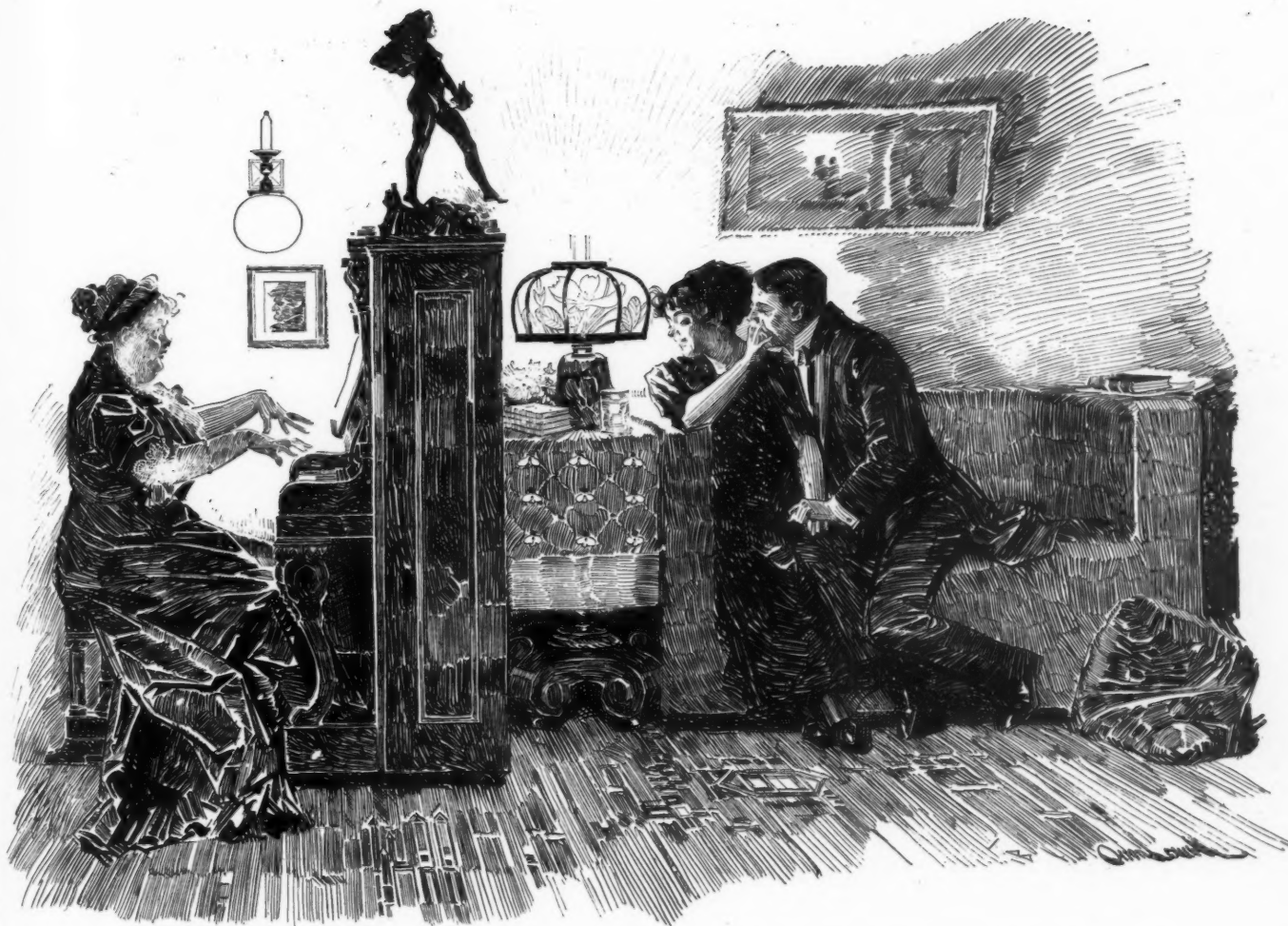
Today his ancient and honorable craft is preserved and exemplified at its best in the beautiful creations offered by The Gorham Company through the best jewelers.

Gorham Silverware is renowned for its beauty of design and individuality of pattern and bears this mark . It costs no more than wares of less merit.

The Gorham Co.

Silversmiths
New York

LIFE



He: CHARMING! DELIGHTFUL! WHAT A SYMPATHETIC TOUCH! PLEASE PLAY SOMETHING LONGER—AND RATHER LOUD.

Conservation

CONSERVATION is a tremendously big job. To make it do the most good at the least waste of money, harm and hardship requires extremely competent handling. In the April *North American Magazine* there is a piece on "The Other Side of Conservation," which, if you don't happen to be an expert, makes you feel that Government conservation of power sites and forests is the next worst thing to waste. Perhaps that is the best thing that can be said for it as yet, but that is something. No doubt a system by which we can have our cake and eat it takes some time to shape. So much the more im-

portant it is that the Secretary of the Interior should be a man of sense and integrity who has the confidence of the people. We have got to trust him. We can't all be experts in these matters.

Secretary Ballinger may be an expert, but when it comes to confidence the best the people are likely to do is to give him the benefit of their doubts.

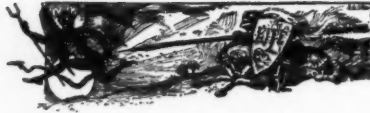
Query

SCRIPTURE says that it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter Heaven.

But how about a rich church? Is property as detrimental to the spiritual advancement of a church as of a man?



"AGNES, TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKET."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV. MAY 12, 1910 No. 1437

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



TAFT in the White House and Hughes in the Supreme Court look to merely human vision like pathetic examples of the sarcasm of destiny. Resignation to a cast that assigns these parts to these particular performers comes somewhat painfully, and mainly as an act of faith based on acceptance of the principle that whatever is right. To be sure, it takes no great effort to continue to believe, in spite of abundant assurance to the contrary, that Judge Taft is too big and sound a man to be a failure as President, and it is still easier to surmise that there is enough timber and enough law in Governor Hughes to make a useful Justice of the Supreme Court. But the ordinary observer must go on thinking for the present that each of these admirable and useful gentlemen has got the assignment that by right of natural talent and proclivity belonged to the other.

It seems to be pretty generally accepted that because Mr. Hughes has made a very notable Governor of New York he will make a very notable United States Judge. Mr. Taft seems to feel so, and he has been rated a good judge of judicial talent. Whether that is so time will ascertain, though it may not tell. If Mr. Hughes has it in him to be a great judge let no one grudge the court his presence in it, for the country does not offer a more important service than the one which is presently to engage his powers.

His appointment emphasizes the need long appreciated of adding seven or eight thousand dollars to the salaries of the Supreme Court Justices.

There is a better prospect than usual that it will be done. There are always plenty of rich and able lawyers who are ready to accept appointments to the Supreme Court without regard to the salary, but when such an appointment goes to a poor man of large earning capacity, whose slender savings have been depleted by two terms as Governor of the indigent State of New York, the propriety of paying the judges respectable salaries becomes impressive. The whole congregation of Federal Judges are seriously underpaid. The district judges should receive about ten thousand dollars instead of six and the Circuit Judges about twelve instead of seven. For the nine Judges of the Supreme Court, twenty thousand a year apiece would be a moderate provision.

And the State of New York should raise the salary of its Governor. Mr. Hughes will go out of office tired out with exhausting work, and poorer by many thousand dollars, because he has had to pay out of his own pocket for the privilege of serving seven millions of his countrymen.



AN article in *Collier's Weekly* for April 2, entitled "Ballinger-Shyster," gave an account of certain professional behaviors of Richard A. Ballinger while practicing law in Seattle in 1900, which, as there set forth, were so very damaging to Mr. Ballinger's reputation as to make the reader hesitate to accept them as they stood, and constrained him to wonder if there was not another side to the story. It constrained *LIFE* to wonder in its issue of April 21 whether *Collier's* was proceeding with discretion in its dealings with Ballinger, and to say that while Mr. Ballinger seemed a bad choice for the place he fills, "these later stories are so saturated with hostility that courteous readers want to hear the other side." It was written "cautious readers," but the types twisted it.

Apropos of which *Collier's* last week requested *LIFE* to read its latest pres-

entation of "The American Dreyfus Case," and then to say:

(1) "Has it been convinced by preceding evidence that the rebellion of Glavis prevented the Guggenheims from perfecting their monopoly of Alaska?"

(2) "Is it now convinced that Mr. Wickersham and the President suppressed the truth and punished and disgraced the men who stood for public duty?"

To both questions we have to make the same reply: It looks so to us. But we should add that most of our information on this subject is derived from *Collier's Weekly*. Of the President and Mr. Wickersham we should prefer to say that they seem to have missed the truth rather than that they suppressed it. As to the Guggenheims's monopoly of Alaska, we still retain the impression that there might have been something left over in that territory for the rest of mankind, even if the Guggenheims had got control of enough coal to feed their railroad and smelt their copper ores. That we have impressions rather than convictions as to these matters is due to a feeling that we have paid more attention to the prosecution than to the defense, and have not dealt faithfully enough with the record of the inquiry proceedings to feel warranted in proclaiming a final opinion. We even discern a possibility that the Dreyfus in *Collier's* Dreyfus case may be Ballinger rather than Glavis. In watching football games—a sport in which we are not expert—we seldom know at any given moment what is going on, or the value or purpose of any particular spasm. Yet we have observed that we have usually been able to gain a valid impression as to which side was getting the better of it, and to learn at the end who won and by what score. So in the Ballinger inquiry, while we have not entire confidence in the penetration of our observations, nor yet that the majority of the inquirers will bring in a report that matches the evidence, still we have nursed the hope that we should know, when the inquiry was over, which side licked and by how much. We shall be grateful if *Collier's* will indulge us in deferring our final opinion until the jury has tried to agree upon a verdict.



TOO MUCH HIGH TARIFF MUSIC

American Titles

It was an amazing and humiliating expression. It degraded not only the Chief Magistracy but the American Republic. It was weak, sycophantish, false.—*The World*.

WHAT was it that was so very, very bad?

Only that President Taft, in cabling a polite message to some European eminence who had shown civilities to Colonel Roosevelt, spoke of him as "President Roosevelt."

The Judge might better have called him "Mr. Roosevelt," but we guess he hasn't foundered the country.

The Colonel has no sound legal claim on any title or name-handle whatever, but he is just as much "President Roosevelt" or "Governor Roosevelt" as he is "Colonel Roosevelt," and it is entirely a matter of taste by which one to call him. Usage is loose and uncertain in these matters. The military titles seem to outlast most of the civil ones in use by courtesy. A man who has been Governor is "Governor" by courtesy until he gets a bigger job. We speak of him as "Governor," we even address him as "Governor," though not as readily as we address him as "Judge." "Judge" is the best sticker of all the civil titles.

The title of "President" is subject to peculiarities of use. We speak of a man as "President Harrison," "President Cleveland," "President Roosevelt," going back in our minds to the time when he was in office. But we never address a man who has graduated from the Presidential office as "President." We never use the word "President" by itself in direct address, as we use "Governor," or "General," or "Judge."



A WEEK END PARTY

When we use it at all in addressing its owner we say *Mr. President*," and we only say that to a President while in office.

If President Taft in his formal message had spoken of his predecessor as "Former President Roosevelt" he would have been accurately correct. But "Former President" is clumsy, "Ex-President" is rated barbarous, and "Late President" is mortuary.

Best call him Colonel Roosevelt. By occupation he is now a contributing editor, but that is not a handy enough designation for familiar use.

The Thoughts of a Thinker

EVERY man requires that his wife should secretly despise him in some particulars; otherwise his love for her would be constantly lessened by the thought that there was nothing in which she believed herself his superior.

The difference between a great humorist and a great fanatic is slight. The humorist has only one more quality—patience.

Man could commit every vice with impunity if it did not affect his health; it follows from this that morality is only the ability to take care of one's self.

No two people see the same things alike; memory is the recollection of certain combinations of events that have now ceased to be. From this it will be seen that there is in reality no past, but only a belief peculiar to every person that it once existed. That is why history is only an illusion.

T. L. M.

To You, Personally

AS the season approaches for opening LIFE's Fresh Air Farm we sincerely trust the friends who have helped us during past years, including yourself, may remember us again.

The cost per child, including transportation, last season was \$5.31 for the entire fortnight, and this modest expenditure brings to our youthful guests a sure return in happiness and improved health. Not a cent is wasted. Every dollar helps.

Last year we entertained one thousand and nineteen children, in parties of two hundred each, from the closing of school in June until it re-opened in September. The children are from the city missions in New York and Brooklyn. No needy child is refused save for good cause.

Our farm at Branchville, in the hills of western Connecticut, is open to visitors at all times, and if you will come and see it you will be a welcome guest.

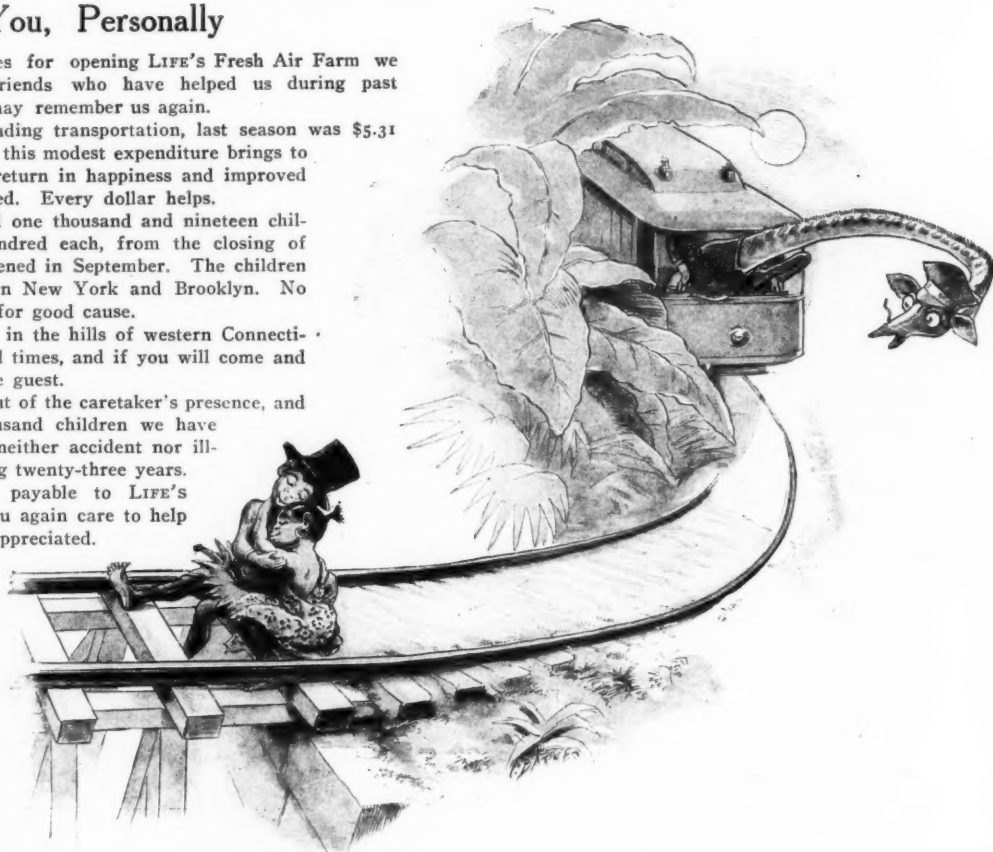
The children are never out of the caretaker's presence, and among the twenty-nine thousand children we have entertained there has been neither accident nor illness of serious nature during twenty-three years. Remittance may be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund. Should you again care to help us your assistance will be appreciated.

Overcautious

You can bet I have not lost my head. I am not sentimentally in love with him. I like him and hope that ours will be a happy union. I believe that love is unnecessary in marriage.

Although I am not marrying with the idea of divorce, I would not marry in Italy, where there is no divorce law. It is comforting to feel that there is an open door.

SO Madame Cavalieri, as reported in a cable message from Paris



FEW ACCIDENTS HAVE OCCURRED ON THE UJIJI TROLLEY LINE SINCE NATIVE MOTOR-MEN HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED



"A LITTLE FRENCH DRESSING"

to the *Sun*, discussing her engagement to ex-Sheriff Robert Chanler, of Dutchess County.

No, Madame Cavalieri has not lost her head. She is walking into the matrimonial noose with her eyes wide open, as becomes a lady of experience, and she wants the noose to have every modern improvement, including the reversible knot.

But isn't she just a grain overcautious?

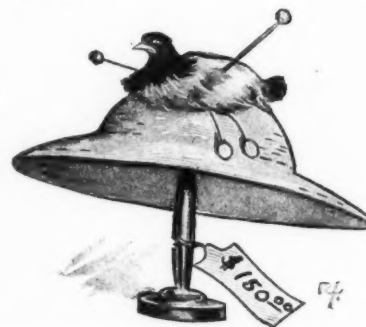
Perhaps she remembers that Sheriff Bob's recent civil employment was keeping a jail, but there never was a pleasanter or more homelike jail nor a sheriff on more affectionate terms with his inmates.

It does not seem properly flattering to the ex-sheriff that the lady should take comfort in the thought of the open door. It sounds not ominous exactly, but alimonic.

My, my! Are there many marriages

making in these days with this timely consideration of the open door?

SOME are born good, some make good, and others are caught with the goods.



A BIRD ON THE HAT IS WORTH TWO IN COLD STORAGE



The Building of the Shape

(With apologies to Longfellow)

BUILD her straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly thing,
That shall risk of no disaster.

Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on that Shape!

We know what Master laid the keel,
What workman wrought those ribs of steel.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

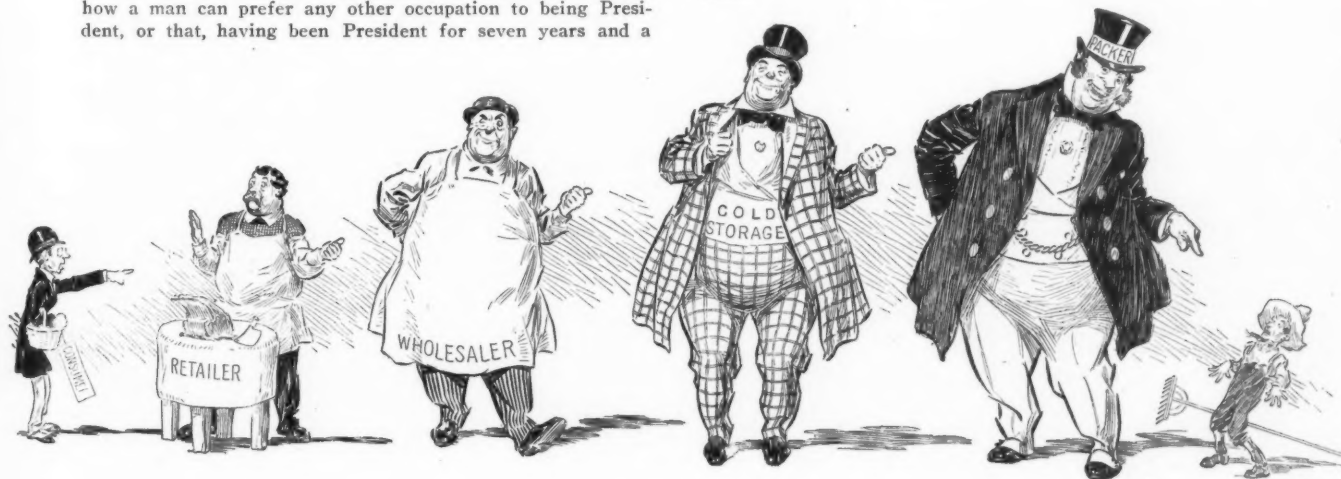
Lack of Imagination

OUR Colonel has seen fit to deny with some expressions of impatience the report cabled to a newspaper (the New York Herald, we believe) that he had said that he was coming home to run for President in 1912.

It seems mean to grudge to folks who predict that Colonel Roosevelt will run for President in '12, '16, '20, '24 and '28 any satisfaction that they may derive from such prognostications. Such predictions are thought to imply political foresight and a more or less intimate acquaintance with the workings of the Colonel's mind. In reality they merely indicate lack of imagination. The forecasters are unable to conceive how a man can prefer any other occupation to being President, or that, having been President for seven years and a

half, he can believe that he has filled that office as long as is good either for himself or for the country. Just as there is an order of minds that cannot think of anything that is more desirable than money except more money, so they cannot think of anything that is better than two terms in the White House except three, four, five, six or seven terms. But there is such a thing as making money enough and wanting to do something else, and there is such a thing as a sufficiency of being President and an inclination for some other employment.

It may be observed that no one who has had actual experience of the Presidency for even one term is included among those who predict that Colonel Roosevelt will run again.



"IT'S HIM!"

An Acrostic

Sun sentimentally shining.
Pale poets perambulating.
Rich, rejuvenating renaissance.
Immensely invigorating interval.
Nymphs negotiating nuptials.
Green gardens germinating.

Exclusiveness

IS not Dr. Woodrow Wilson a bit sweeping when he says that "the American people will tolerate nothing that savors of exclusiveness"?

They have tolerated and still tolerate the high protective tariff and the Chinese exclusion law, both of which have the savor that Dr. Wilson mentions.

They are now inclined to abate the tariff, not because it excludes foreign products, but because it excludes too large a proportion of the Americans from its benefits.

A large proportion of the Americans, including most of those from Dr. Wilson's native State, would cheerfully tolerate the exclusion of negroes from the polls.

Almost every newspaper in the country chronicles the weekly doings of a lot of people whose chief recommendation to the notice of the public is that they can pose in the most exclusive society in the towns they live in, and especially in New York.

There is a lot of exclusiveness in human nature. We suspect that something that borders very close on it is one of the laws of nature and finds its justification in the survival of the fittest. Selection implies exclusion, and selection is indispensable to human progress.

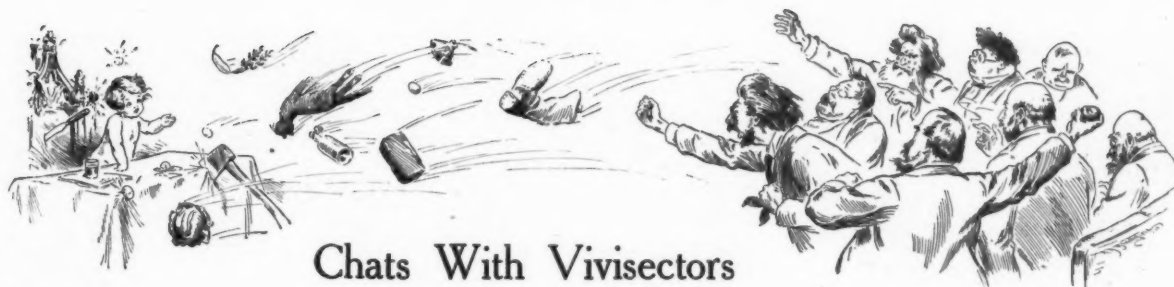
Heaven help us, we are all snobs! Some of us know it, and some don't, and that is one of the chief differences between folks. Some of us find amusement in our own instinct of exclusiveness, and others take it solemnly and are impeded by it. A temperate exclusiveness, fitting loose, tempered by the sense of humor and based on a just estimation of human qualities, is not so bad. It is instructive to the excluded, and impels them to cultivate powers and manners that will bring them inside of the palings.

Please, Young Ladies!

WHILE the girls are casting about to learn all that is learnable will they please remark that one of the things worth learning is the Girl's Own Job. It seems at times in danger of being neglected, so urgent is the assault of the petticoat brigade on all the other portals of the citadel of knowledge.



NO, THEY ARE NOT LOVERS. THEY ARE ARTIST'S MODELS WORKING FOR FIFTY CENTS AN HOUR



Chats With Vivisectors

GOOD-MORNING, gentlemen.

Oh, shut up!

Gentlemen, I wish to ask you a question. Why is LIFE the best paper in the world?

Because it isn't.

Not the right answer.

Because it is an unprincipled liar and talks of what it knows nothing about.

No.

Because it is duller than death.

Guess again.

Because no decent family would have it in the house.

Once more

Because nobody reads it and it is a blot on civilization.

All wrong. It is because it believes in vivisection—

Hooray! Sense at last!

—being wholly abolished.

Ass! Liar!

LIFE is not so enthusiastic over restricted vivisection.

Right you are!

Nor is he enthusiastic over restricted burglary or restricted wife-beating or restricted murder.

You talk like a fool.

If they are bad things abolish them altogether. This restricting experiments on animals to skilled experimenters—

Oh, give us a rest!

—is like restricting burglary to skilled burglars. Moreover, there is a great difference between burglary and vivisection.

True enough.

Burglary helps the burglar's family, whereas vivisection benefits nobody.

Bah! Pish!

It is on the contrary an appalling evil. You—

Blithering idiot!

—are doing more to undermine the constitutions and pollute the blood of humanity with your—

Get out, you liar!

—sickening, disease-bearing serums than all other causes combined.

Smash his face!

That is all I have time to tell you just at present, but more anon.

Put him out! Kill him!

Gentlemen, I thank you for your courtesy and for your patience.

Sit Tight, G. A. R.!

FORTY G. A. R. posts in Massachusetts have protested, through Senator Lodge, against the acceptance by Congress of the statue of General Lee in Statuary Hall.

All right! The Massachusetts pensioners should not be denied the chance to speak their minds. But how many of them realize that Lee was a far better Union man than Wendell Phillips or William Lloyd Garrison, neither of whom cared a rush whether the Union held together or not if only slavery perished. Lee loved the Union though he left it. Charles Francis Adams holds that his extreme reluctance to leave it delayed Virginia's secession so long that the South lost its best chance of success in the Civil War.

But neither in Massachusetts nor in any other Northern State do the G. A. R. posts represent the prevailing Northern sentiment about General Lee. To the general mind of the North he stands not for secession but merely for history. Not one Northern voter in ten is concerned one way or the other about the placing of the Lee statue in Statuary Hall, or finds any considerable significance in its presence there. The prevailing sentiment on that subject hereabouts is that Statuary Hall is getting to be a good deal of a hornet's nest and might better be put out of business. When it isn't making mischief it is exciting derision.

Three Kitchen Mades

PLAIN Sally Lunn is simple,

But good for every day;
Brown Betty, more pretentious,
Has crisp and spicy way;
But Charlotte Russe is flippant,
In gaieties she'll plunge;
She goes to balls and parties
And quite inclines to sponge!

Ada Stewart Shelton.

HE had begun dining at seven o'clock. It was now one-thirty, and he was through. "Waiter," said he, "bring me a—hic—lighted cigar."



"BE CAREFUL HOW YER STRIKE TO-DAY, BILL, I'VE GOT ME NEW HAT ON."



"HEY, YOU! THIS ISN'T A HAT, IT'S OUR NEST."



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

LEVI P. MORTON

Born May 16, 1824

Here's to our handsomest Vice-President! Also minister to various countries and gentleman farmer, and distinguished member of the Republican party!



What more is there to say? Except, possibly that Mr. Morton's farm produces the most delectable milk known at trust prices.

Sir, you are eminently respectable. We congratulate you upon your birthday. May you continue to outlive many of the things for which you have been obliged to stand!

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Born May 11, 1852

This gentleman was one time Vice-President of the United States. He filled the office with equanimity, and amid the clatter of falling trusts, the protests of undesirable citizens and the ravage of panics kept faith with a normal and healthy obscurity.

We salute you, sir, upon your distinguished anniversary and wish you many future vice-presidencies under calmer skies.

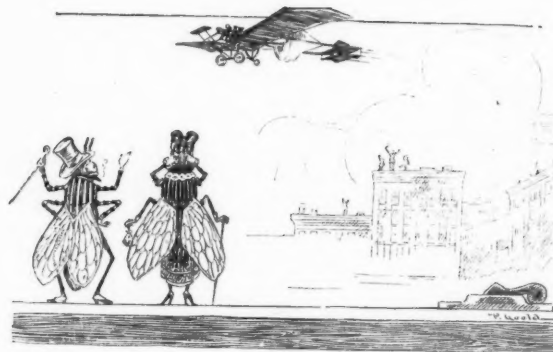


Prospective Triumph of Theodore Africanus

PERSONS in the confidence of the management of the reception to Roosevelt, on June 17, disclose that the doings in New York on that day are likely to make the Hudson-Fulton celebration seem like a little gathering of the neighbors on the front porch. The committee members intimate guardedly that they are hearing from the country, and that the country expects to be here.

No doubt it will be an occasion, and if the pictorial side of it is properly handled it may be highly memorable. There is to be a procession. The seventeenth of June is the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill and is a good day for processions. On that day, in 1875, Boston had one that is still remembered. Not length but quality and personality is what makes processions interesting. The Rough Riders are to be in the Roosevelt procession. Dear, dear, how interesting it could be made—the Rough Riders on bucking broncos riding next to the police. Colonel Roosevelt on an elephant; President Taft ditto; Mr. Bryan on a donkey; Mayor Gaynor leading a muzzled tiger, animals from the Bronx Zoo, wealthy malefactors in cages, Methodists and Roman Catholics on a float exemplifying Peace, ex-Chief Forester Pinchot with an axe exemplifying Conservation, the insurgents on Fifth Avenue stages, and so on and so on.

The Roosevelt procession will not have all these features, but it will have the Colonel in it. And it will draw to an extent that will make it interesting to watch Mayor Gaynor's reformed police handle the crowd.



Mr. Fly: WHAT A FUSS THESE CLUMSY MEN MAKE OVER A LITTLE SIMPLE FLYING!

A Throb of Long Ago

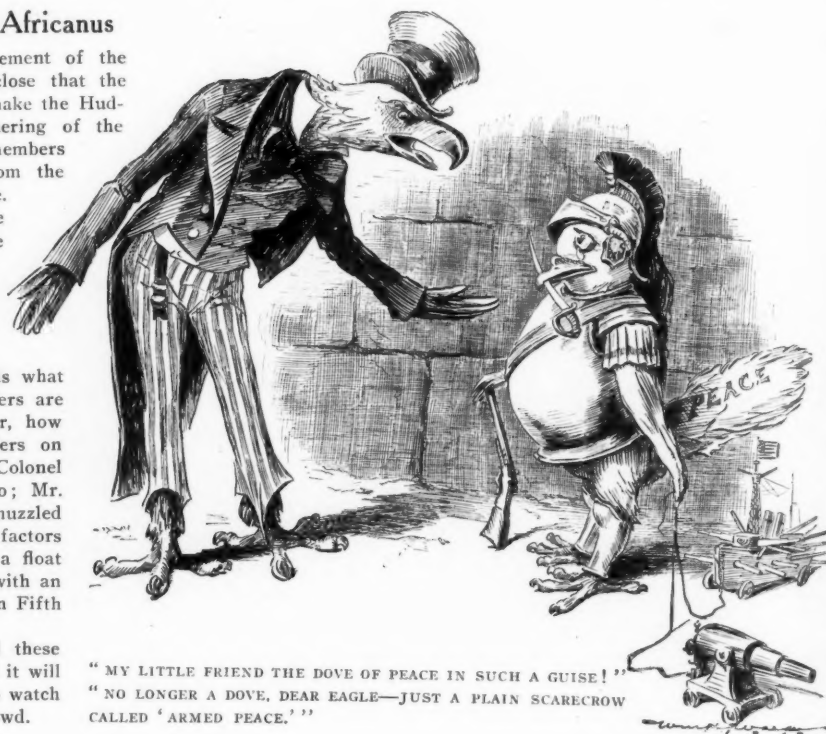
A DECIPHERED papyrus, excavated from the ruins of Babylon, which also throws light on the antiquity of a modern delirium:

DEAREST PTOLMEY:

The coast is clear. Come up to the house to-night at nine. I'll be waiting in the niche in the northwest corner of the balcony. Father is worshipping in the Temple of the Seven Lights, while mother has gone to an al fresco bridge party in the Hanging Gardens.

Loving arms await thee.

Yearningly,
JUDITH.



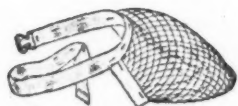
"MY LITTLE FRIEND THE DOVE OF PEACE IN SUCH A GUISE!"
"NO LONGER A DOVE, DEAR EAGLE—JUST A PLAIN SCARECROW CALLED 'ARMED PEACE.'"

THE EASIEST WAY

TO KEEP
YOUR SHAPE

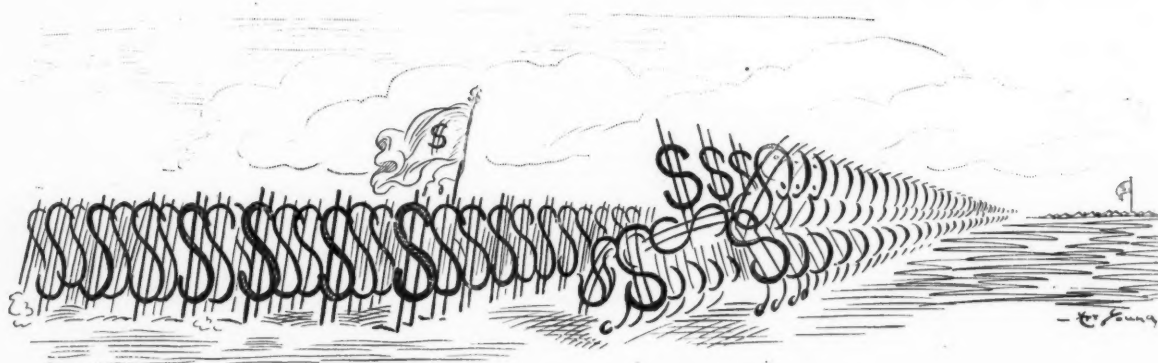
use

"FATOFF"



J. S. M.
col.

Some Reasons Why Women Should Not Have the Ballot



THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC



A Sad Farewell to the Theatrical Trust



For vindictiveness LIFE has not a trace. Therefore it is not going to exult unduly over the downfall of the Theatrical Trust, although this journal has done whatever it could to help along the much-to-be-desired result. The Trust was, in a way, a picturesque monopoly. Once in control of the theatrical business it was so openly brutal and arrogant that it commanded a sort of wonder at its very effrontery. For the public the Trust cared nothing, except as the source of the great revenue which poured into its greedy treasury. To satisfy its greed it did not hesitate to debauch public taste and public morals. Ignorant of the finer things of life, it regarded dramatic art simply as a commercial commodity to be adulterated and short-weighted and false-plated to lure money from a gullible public. It was cunning enough not to infringe the law, except where it could secure the complaisance of petty officials. For public opinion as to its methods it had only contempt and it ceased to fear the press when it found the weak spot upon which it could exert the pressure which has stifled honest criticism.

The stupidity of the Trust is shown by the fact that it has permitted to slip from its hands what under the control of men not blinded by their own conceit and arrogance would have been an unassailable monopoly. These leaders of the Trust have themselves killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Not content with princely revenues, they were unwilling to loosen their grasp on the last dollar which could be wrung from those in their power. "Live and let live" was a maxim unknown to them. And in the fine art of adding insult to injury they were adept. By the persistent use of greed and brutality combined, the heads of the Trust have managed to alienate from themselves interests which were

essential to complete monopoly. To-day the Theatrical Trust is a bad second in the amusement affairs of America and is losing ground so rapidly that it bids fair soon to become a negligible quantity.

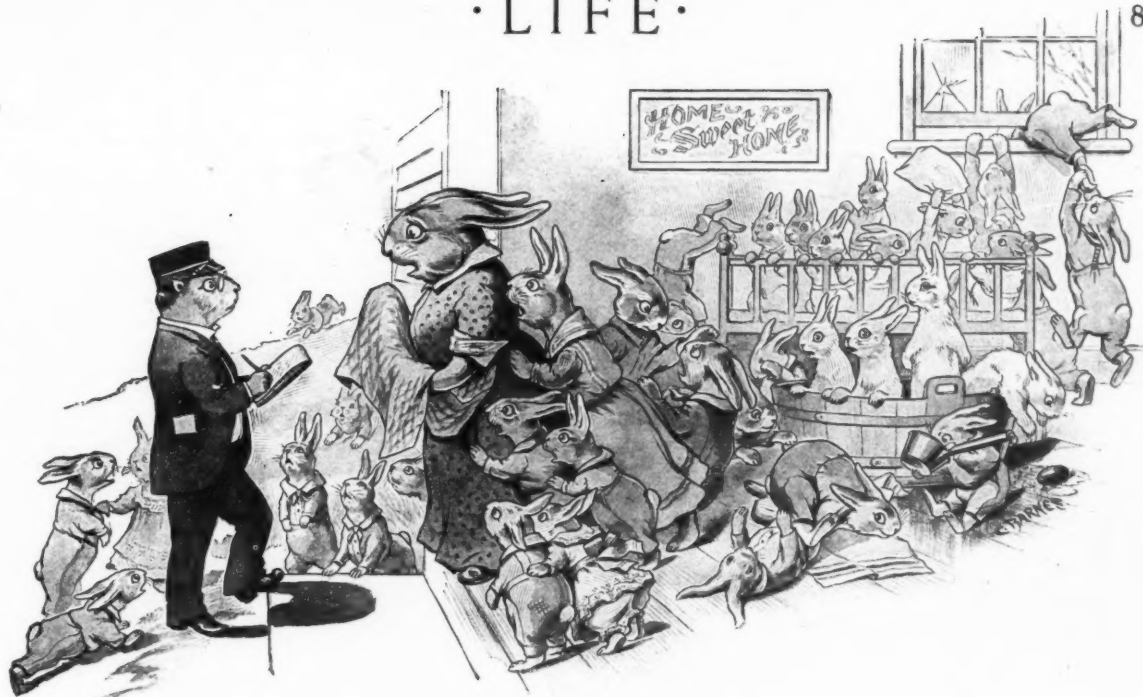


But the public itself has had nothing to do with the fight. It has gone along letting itself be imposed upon time after time and coming up cheerfully with more dollars to pour into the coffers of those who regarded it only as contemptibly easy to swindle. Public officials have always been on the side of the concrete interest as against the rights of the individual. Even courts and legislatures have sided with the rich and politically influential monopoly. Every one knows what part the press has played. The brunt of the struggle which has resulted in the overthrow of the Trust has been borne by two young men—the Shubert brothers—who have put up as plucky a fight as has ever been seen on a commercial field of battle. Practically alone in the opposition at first, they have managed to enlist on their side interests which have made it possible to break the strangle hold which the Trust had on the stage in America.

The prospect for the dramatic art and dramatic literature of this country is sunnier than it has been for years. The puritanical attitude toward the stage is largely a thing of the past and there is an increasing public with discernment for sound amusement. Of course there is still the big, crass public which patronizes only the trivial and frivolous, but the leaven is at work and, with a theatre free from the tyranny of coarseness and ignorance, we may yet see America with a national drama worthy of the name.



MR. DE WOLF HOPPER comes to us this time in a new guise—in ordinary citizen's dress and with a wig resembling the capillary thatch of an ordinary person. (No confidence is violated in making the statement that Mr. Hopper wears a wig.) The result is a novelty, and, on the whole, a pleasing one. Mr. Hopper has been seen in so many costumes as the king or other ruler of so many distant realms that to see him in anything like human attire



TAKING THE CENSUS

"YES, MADAM, THE LAW REQUIRES YOU TO GIVE THE NAME, AGE AND OCCUPATION OF EACH MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY; ALSO ANY CASES OF CHRONIC AILMENTS OR DISABILITIES WITH WHICH THEY MAY BE AFFLICTED."

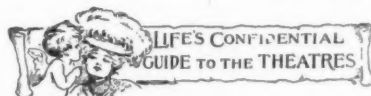
is distinctly refreshing. The vehicle for this transformation is not even a conventional "comic opera" of the sort for which Mr. Hopper's name has become a trade-mark, but a kind of farce with musical features, and is called "A Matinee Idol." On the programme a line of credit is given to Molière's "Le Medicin Malgré Lui," but this is overworking conscientiousness, as the French author in his most jealous moment would not be likely to identify any part of this concoction as his own. It is by several authors, has an occasional clever line, two or three good songs and affords varying degrees of pleasure to those who like this sort of thing.



LARGE quantities of villainy enter into the composition of "The Spitfire," which launches Mr. Charles Cherry as a star. Likewise there is a very blood-cruddling shipwreck and an effective man-to-man fight between the hero and one of the subordinate villains. From this it might be inferred that the entertainment is an old-fashioned melodrama. Although Mr. Peple, the author, has bunched in a good deal of melodramatic material gathered from respected sources, he

has really made the comedy element predominant; so it is safe to take his own voucher that it is a "melodramatic comedy." Mr. Cherry makes a good hero, having the requisite good looks, manly figure and clear enunciation. To the comedy part he brings an attractive open smile and a fine suit of teeth. The chief villain is supplied by Mr. E. J. Ratcliffe, a sufficient guarantee that the villainy is of a superior quality. Ruth Maycliffe is the extremely blonde and persecuted heroine with a shrill voice and cutting speeches which suggest that she supplied the title of the play, which is also that of the wrecked yacht. Oza Waldrop (who could get rid of that name by matrimony or by application to any merciful court) is a cheery little person injected into the play so that her saccharine voice and chipper manner will lighten up the moments of villainy, and entirely succeeds in her mission.

Metcalf.



Academy of Music—"The Lion and the Mouse." Last week of the Academy as a legitimate theatre.
Astor—"Seven Days." Farce with irrepressible laughter.
Belasco—Mabel Taliaferro in "The Call

of the Cricket." Drama of elementary sentiment.

Bijou—"The Lottery Man." Farcical fun without intermission.

Broadway—"The Jolly Bachelors." Typical musical farce handsomely produced.

Casino—"The Chocolate Soldier." Good light music accompanying libretto obtained from Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

Criterion—"A Bachelor's Baby." Mr. Francis Wilson and his amusing little comedy will probably last out the season.

Daly's—Mr. De Wolf Hopper in "A Matinee Idol." See above.

Empire—"Caste," with company headed by Marie Tempest and Mr. G. P. Huntley. Old comedy agreeably acted.

Garrick—"Her Husband's Wife," with Mr. Henry Miller as the star. Notice later.

Globe—"The Old Town." Mr. Fred Stone as the principal attraction in conventional musical farce.

Hackett—"The City," Mr. Clyde Fitch's stirring play removed from the Lyric.

Herald Square—"Tillie's Nightmare," with Madame Marie Dressler as the star. Notice later.

Hippodrome—The big exhibit of spectacle, ballet and midgets in circus acts.

Hudson—"The Spendthrift." Woman's extravagance interestingly exploited as dramatic motive.

Lyceum—"The Spitfire." See above.

Lyric—Revival of "Jim the Periman," with "all star" cast. Notice later.

Madison Square Garden—Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

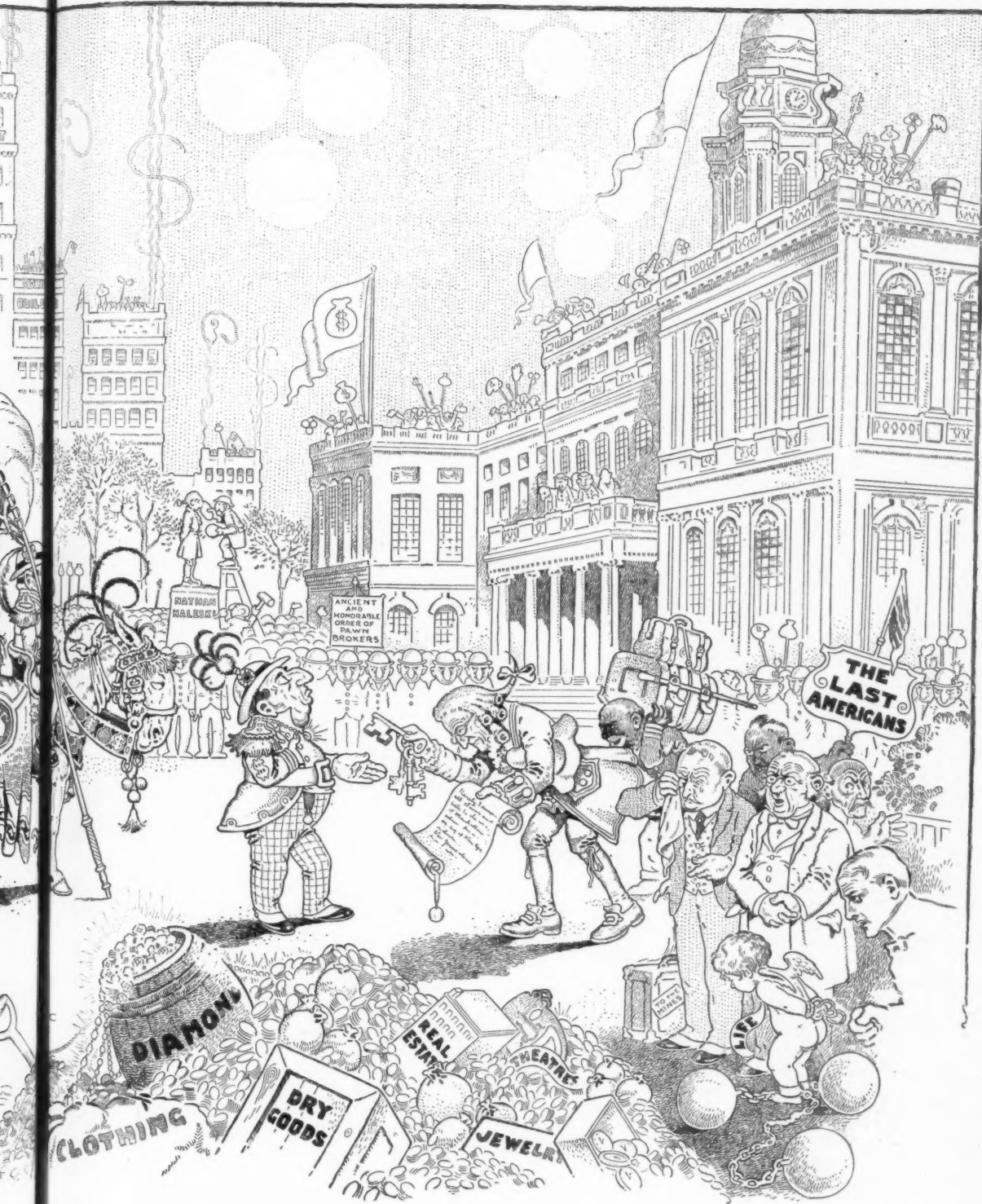
Maxine Elliott's—"Lulu's Husbands," by Mr. Thompson Buchanan. Laughable but risky farce.

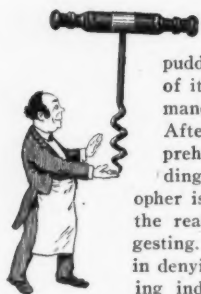
Nazimova—"Little Eyolf," with Mme. Nazimova. Ibsen drama. More symbolic than cheerful.

Stuyvesant—Last week of "The Lily." Dramatic exposition of the social woes of the French spinster.

Wallack's—"Alias Jimmy Valentine." Reformed State's prison bird as hero of interesting melodrama.







THE man who said that the test of a pudding lay in the eating of it was more of a gourmand than a philosopher. After a sufficiently comprehensive course in puddings your true philosopher is apt to conclude that the real test lies in the digesting. And there is no use in denying that a corresponding indulgence in heterogeneous fiction tends to develop a like belief. What a nice world it would be if all puddings tasted as well the next morning and all exciting yarns looked as convincing viewed backward from the last page as forward from the middle one! Jacques Futrelle's *The Diamond Master* (Bobbs-Merrill) is one of the many that do not. It is the story of a young inventor with a square jaw and his own method of doing business who sets the gem market of upper Fifth Avenue by the ears; and it is told with a tense realism that grips the imagination and for a time changes a wool-gathering mood into one of genuine and very pleasurable excitement. But although it eats well up to a certain point, it utterly refuses to digest. The way to treat it therefore appears to be to pass it, properly labeled, for each to taste or to decline according to his gourmandism or his philosophy.



IN these days when comets, instead of blazing unannounced upon an astonished world, are bulletined in advance like a best-seller, and novelists, like old-fashioned comets, have a way of appearing full grown above the literary horizon, there is a certain element of comfortable—o n e might almost say of agricultural—excitement in watching a writer like E. Temple Thurston unobtrusively developing from a casual sprout of fiction toward a maturity that is not yet definable but that grows more and more suggestive of possibilities. It may perhaps be recalled that when Mr. Thurston's

first novel, *The Apple of Eden*, appeared, its author was smilingly regarded as the dutifully imitative husband of a literary wife. For *The Masquerader* happened that year to be high-priest in the temple of sensation! Mr. Thurston, however, has proved to be neither imitative nor, if the newspaper reports are to be credited, dutiful; and to-day whatever current literature associations are gathering about the name are connected with the author of *The City of Beautiful Nonsense*. His new novel, *Sally Bishop* (Mitchell Kennerley, \$1.50) is the most fully conceived and completely realized piece of fiction that has left his pen; and for those to whom the study of significant human types, sympathetically observed and creatively individualized, is of greater moment than an allegedly cheerful outcome, the book offers more than mere entertainment. It is interesting to note (since it is indicative of Mr. Thurston's attitude toward life and fiction) that he calls his story "a romance" because, in spite of its tragic outcome and con-



Confidential Book Guide



An Interrupted Friendship, by E. L. Vornich. A picturesque but pathetic story, best avoided by those who demand cheerful fiction.

A Modern Chronicle, by Winston Churchill. An entertaining, panoramic and carefully censored history of an American society girl's search for happiness.

Central America and Its Problems, by Frederick Palmer. The account of a rapid tour of investigation by a special correspondent.

The Diamond Master, by Jacques Futrelle. See above.

The Diary of a Daly Debutante. Anonymous. Delightful glimpses behind the scenes of Daly's Theatre in the early eighties.

From the Bottom Up, by Alexander Irvine. The autobiography of a rolling stone who has gathered little moss but many ideas.

In After Days. Opinions upon immortality by nine prominent Americans, the whole forming an interesting exhibit in comparative psychology.

Lost Face, by Jack London. Alaskan short stories marred by gratuitous brutality.

The Unknown Quantity, by Gertrude Hall. An interesting story of mystery and study of character by a new writer.

ventionally sordid setting, that is exactly what the living of it was to his heroine. This method of nomenclature is very decidedly not according to Hoyal, but in a wrong-headed way it gets mighty close to the true spirit of modern fiction.

IN *The House of Mystery* (Century, \$1.15) Will Irwin has invested what at bottom appears to be an informal report of investigations into commercial spiritualism with a crisp if slender fictional interest. His hero is a young physician whose professional curiosity is piqued by the appearance of a girl traveling acquaintance and whose later and more personal interest in her leads him into a battle of wits with her aunt and evil genius, a noted medium who is using the girl for her own ends. The most human and hence the most significant character in the story is that of Rosalie le Grange, a clever and easy-going professional clairvoyant, whom the doctor manages to enlist in his service and who coaches him in his campaign. When all is said the doctor and his maiden in distress are but the lay figures of the immemorial formula, with the mysterious Mrs. Markham for the dragon whose discomfiture is the price of happiness. But Rosalie, while playing *deu ex machina* in the comedy and talking shop for the enlightenment of the reader, manages in addition to achieve a personality.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The House of Mystery, by Will Irwin. See above.

The History of Mr. Polly, by H. G. Wells. The story of an English shopkeeper. A seriously humorous study of a round peg in a square hole.

The New Word, by Allen Upward. An unprecedentedly stimulating discussion of the history and needs of Western scientific and religious thought.

Old Harbor, by William John Hopkins. A charming and cheerful story with real values, literary and human. Heartily recommended to those who bemoan the present rarity of such tales.

Promenades of an Impressionist, by James Huneker. Characteristically clever essays upon European art, artists and art criticism.

The Red House on Rowan Street, by Roman Doubleday. A detective story that won't hold water but may hold the attention.

Sally Bishop, by E. Temple Thurston. See above.

Tremendous Trifles, by G. K. Chesterton. Thirty-nine papers, boxing the Chestertonian compass. A fine book to browse in.

White Magic, by David Graham Phillips. Hard-visaged romance by an author who is at his best as a hard-fisted realist.



REVERIES OF A BACHELOR

The Weak and Helpless

THOSE men who try experiments on the eyes of little orphan girls, sometimes blinding them for life, are cautious persons. They are wise in selecting friendless children, for no angry parent will call them to account. The weak and helpless are the safest victims. Hence orphans and dogs for the vivisector's table.

Is there to be no punishment for these medical degenerates who can deliberately and in cold blood inflict blindness upon friendless children?

The Question of Votes

THE women in the world belong to the men, don't they? And, equally, all the men belong to the women?

And the real suffrage question is whether the women prefer to do part of the voting personally or have it all done, as now, by their property.

The present way saves the owners some trouble and increases to some extent the value of the property.

SPeAKING scientifically we are all only visible expressions of certain degrees of heat. Absolute zero is a state of nothingness. An individual is, therefore, nothing but a bunch of sun's rays dressed in other rays that have lost their identity. He is number 98, screened with minus 3 or plus 2.

CONSIDER the cocoon gown: it buttons not, neither does it hook, yet Solomon in all his misery of a thousand wives had no more vexations than one husband whose wife is arrayed like one of these.

ALL the world's a stage, except a few, and they are stage-robbers.



Mrs.: IT'S TERRIBLE THE WAY THIS YELLOW CANARD SLANDERS AND ABUSES EVERY ONE.

Mr.: WELL, WE'VE ALL GOT TO TAKE OUR TURN AT GETTING ROASTED.



Historic Fun

SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS EXAMPLES
OF ALL AGES NOW GATHERED TO-
GETHER AND PRESENTED FOR
THE FIRST TIME TO THE
READERS OF "LIFE"



Changed

BY C. S. CALVERLY

(Calverly is acknowledged to be the
master of English parodists)



I know not why my soul is rack'd;
Why I ne'er smile as was my wont;
I only know that as a fact,
I don't.
I used to roam o'er glen and glade
Buoyant and blithe as other folk;
And not unfrequently I made
A joke.

The Mice Knew

(Voltaire is the supreme satirist. This
is one of the most striking
examples of his power)

One day some mice said to one another: "How charming is this world! What an empire is ours! This palace so superb was built for us; from all eternity God made for us these large holes. Do you see those fat hams under that dim ceiling? They were created there for us by Nature's hands; those mountains of lard, inexhaustible aliment, will be ours till the end of time. Yes, we are, great God, if our sages tell us the truth, the masterpiece, the aim, of all Thy works! Cats are dangerous and prompt to devour, but it is to instruct and correct us!"

—Voltaire.

When one writes of woman he must reserve the right to laugh at his ideas of the day before.

—A. Ricard.

A minstrel's fire within me burned.
I'd sing, as one whose heart must break,
Lay upon lay; I nearly learned
To shake.
All day I sang—of love, of fame,
Of fights our fathers fought of yore,
Until the thing almost became
A bore.

I cannot sing the old songs now;
It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go.
I could not range the hills till high
Above me stood the summer moon;
And as to dancing, I could fly
As soon.

The sports to which with boyish glee
I sprang erewhile attract no more;
Although I am but sixty-three
Or four.
Nay, worse than that, I seem of late
To shrink from happy boyhood.
Boys
Have grown so noisy, and I hate
A Noise.

They fright me when the beech is green
By swarming up its stem for eggs;
They drive their horrid hoops between
My legs.
It's idle to repine, I know;
I'll tell you what I'll do instead:
I'll drink my arrow-root, and go
To bed.

—Fly Leaves.

From the Greek

The people of Chios were engaged in a political quarrel. The victorious party proposed to eject all their opponents, but a sagacious citizen said: "Leave some of them at least, for in the course of time, if we have no enemies to fight, we shall begin to fight with ourselves."

—Aelian.

Philoxenus, the poet, was sent to the stone-quarries by Dionysius for contempt of his verses. Being recalled, he was invited again to hear them. After listening patiently for a time he got up to go. "Whither now?" asked Dionysius. "To the quarries," said he.

—Stobaeus.



A SPLENDID SPREAD

—By George Cruikshank (1850).

ONE WONDERS WHETHER AFTER ALL WE ARE ANY WORSE OFF NOW WITH OUR
IMMENSE HATS.

How "Ruby" Played

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR

JUD BROWNIN, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing:

Well, sir, he had the blamdest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire inside clean out and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first set down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leedled a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I, "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Hush!" But presently his hands commence chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Ruby was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peek of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a little more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is!"

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops tech the ground, some flashed up like long pearl earrings and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, runnin' between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day but not cold.

* * * * *

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could 'a' got up then and there and pretched a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulied out my handkerchief, and blowed



"HE TWEDDLED-DEED"

my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak, anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-sniylin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Ruben changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin'; and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"Go it, Rube!"

Every blamed man, woman and child in the house riz on me and shouted, "Put him out! Put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly-gray-greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me, if you dare! I paid my money, and you just come a-nigh me!"

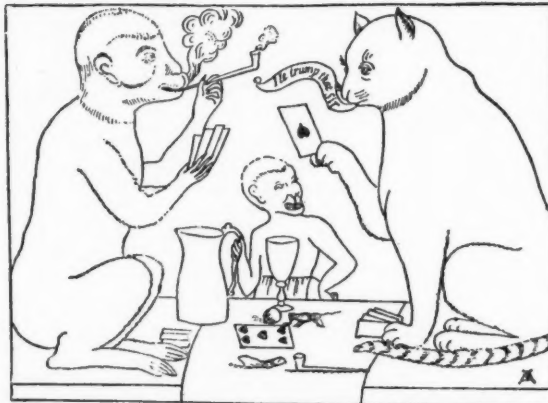
With that some several policemen run up and I had to simmer down.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tiptoed fine from end to end of the keyboard. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the

hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coattails a liddle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down, and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat—and then he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the p'int of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all-hands'd-aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double-twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double-bow knots.

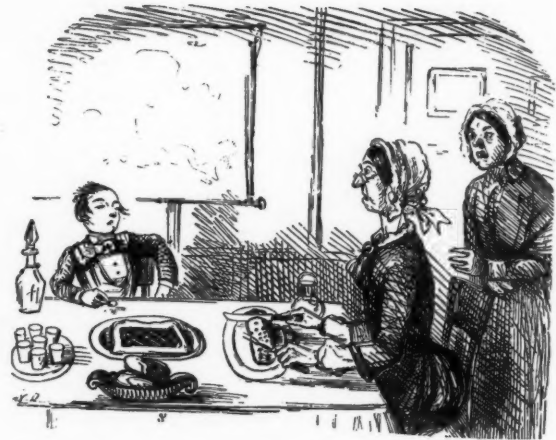
And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round



Puts my apple gauff, thy mouse jle lay
The gaud's nills jfth aft n'r a trumpet play
Mifher apes face thart d'ceud in mee
Ihuus many trumpchers one d'f see

For a pint of wine the drawer call
I come o prittie d'yeses this squall
Apes and cats to play at cards are fitt
Then 8; women ought to have more ritt

THIS IS A SATIRE ON CARD PLAYING, PUBLISHED DURING THE PERIOD OF CHARLES I. IT ILLUSTRATES THE LOUP STYLE OF DIALOGUE STILL AT VOGUE IN THE SUNDAY SUPPLEMENTS.



Old Lady: NOW, ARTHUR, WHICH WILL YOU HAVE, SOME OF THE NICE PUDDING OR SOME JAM TART?

Juvenile: NO PASTRY, THANK-YE, AUNT. IT SPOILS ONE'S WINE SO. I DON'T MIND A DEVILED BISCUIT, THO', BY AND BY, WITH MY CLARET.

—From John Leech's famous pictures in Punch.

shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines—every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Samson in a 'simmon tree, Tump Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle—raddle-addle-addle-addle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle—p-r-r-r-r-lang! Bang!!!lang! per-lang; p-r-r-r-r-r!! Bang!!!

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the air and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single, solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two heme-demi-semi-quivers, and know'd no mo'.

When I come to I were under ground about twenty foot in a place they call Oyster Bay a-treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to again. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two!"

Snapshots From the Chinese

A narrow-minded man resembles a frog in the well.

Do not pull up your stockings in a melon-patch or straighten your hat in a peach-orchard; any one seeing you may think you are stealing.

To talk much and arrive nowhere is the same as climbing a tree to catch a fish.

You can neither buy wood in the forest nor fish by the lake.

A man with a purple nose may be very temperate in drink; only no one will believe it.

It's not the wine that makes a man drunk; it's the man himself.

The Cit Turned Gentleman

(Molière was the supreme master of comedy in all ages. This little bit is taken from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and carries its own meaning with it.)

THE PHILOSOPHY-MASTER: What have you a mind to learn?

M. JOURDAIN: Everything I can, for I have all the desire in the world to be a scholar, and it vexes me that my father and mother had not made me study all the sciences when I was young.

THE PHIL-MASTER: It's a very reasonable feeling. *Nam, sine doctrina, vita est quasi mortis imago.* You understand that, and are acquainted with Latin, of course?

M. JOUR.: Yes, but act as if I were not acquainted with it. Tell me what it means.

THE PHIL-MASTER: It means that without learning life is, as it were, an image of death.

M. JOUR.: That same Latin's in the right.

THE PHIL-MASTER: Don't you know some principles, some rudiments of science?

M. JOUR.: Oh! yes, I can read and write. But now I must confide a secret to you. I'm in love with a person of quality, and I should be glad if you would help me to write something to her in a short *billet-doux*, which I'll drop at her feet.

THE PHIL-MASTER: Very well.

M. JOUR.: That will be gallant, won't it?

THE PHIL-MASTER: Undoubtedly. Is it verse you wish to write to her?

M. JOUR.: No, no, none of your verse.

THE PHIL-MASTER: You would only have prose.

M. JOUR.: No, I would neither have verse nor prose.

THE PHIL-MASTER: It must be one or the other.

M. JOUR.: Why so?

THE PHIL-MASTER: Because, sir, there's nothing to express oneself but by prose or verse.

M. JOUR.: Is there nothing, then, but prose or verse?

THE PHIL-MASTER: No, sir; whatever is not prose is verse, and whatever is not verse is prose.

M. JOUR.: And when one talks what may that be, then?

THE PHIL-MASTER: Prose.

M. JOUR.: How? When I say, "Nicole, bring me my slippers and give me my nightcap," is that prose?

THE PHIL-MASTER: Yes, sir.

M. JOUR.: On my conscience, I have spoken prose above these forty years without knowing it, and I am hugely obliged to you for informing me of this.



AIR-UM SCARE-UM TRAVELING
—From George Cruikshank's *Comic Almanac* for 1843. The first humorous airship picture known.

LATER

M. JOUR. (to his wife): I'm ashamed of your ignorance. For example, do you know what it is you now speak?

MME. JOUR.: Yes, I know that what I speak is right, and that you ought to think of living in another manner.

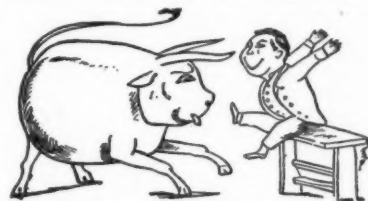
M. JOUR.: I don't talk of that. I ask you what the words are that you now speak.

MME. JOUR.: They are words that have a good deal of sense in them, and your conduct is by no means such.

M. JOUR.: I don't talk of that, I tell you. I ask you what it is that I now speak to you, which I say this very moment?

MME. JOUR.: Mere stuff.

M. JOUR.: Pshaw! no, it is not that. That which we both of us say, the language we speak this instant.



There was an old man who said "How Shall I flee from this horrible Cow? I will sit on this style and continue to smile,

Which may soften the heart of that Cow."

—From "A Book of Nonsense," by Edward Lear.

MME. JOUR.: Well?

M. JOUR.: How is it called?

MME. JOUR.: It is called just what you please to call it.

M. JOUR.: It's prose, you ignorant creature.

MME. JOUR.: Prose?

M. JOUR.: Yes, prose. Whatever is prose is not verse, and whatever is not verse is prose. Now, see what it is to study.

Harvard College

This celebrated instiitootion is pleasantly situated in the Barroom of Parker's, in School Street, and has poopils from all over the country. I had a letter yes'd'y, by the way, from our mootual son, Artemus, Jr., who is at Bowdoin College, in Maine. He writes me that he is a Bowdoin Arab. & is it cum to this? Is this boy as I nurtered with a Parent's care into his childhood's hour—is he goin' to be a Grate American Humorist? Alars, I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travelin Vegetable Pil Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em.—Artemus Ward.

Matrimonial Journal

A gentleman lately took the following meteorological journal of his wife's temper: Monday, rather cloudy; in the afternoon, rainy. Tuesday, vaporish, brightened up a little towards evening. Wednesday, changeable, gloomy, inclined to rain. Thursday, high winds and some peals of thunder. Friday, fair in the morning; variable till the afternoon, cloudy all night. Saturday, a gentle breeze, hazy, a thick fog and a few flashes of lightning. Sunday, tempestuous and rainy; towards evening, somewhat calmer.

—From "The World's Jest Book," 1826.

The Ape and the Fox

(From the German of Ephraim Lessing)

"Name me an animal, though never so skillful, that I cannot imitate!" So bragged the ape to the fox.

But the fox replied:

"And do thou name me an animal so humble as to think of imitating thee!"

Writers of my country, need I explain myself more fully?—Fables.

Cheirisophus, a flatterer in the court of Dionysius, saw his patron laughing heartily with his friends, though he himself was too far off to hear what was being said. "Why do you laugh?" asked Dionysius. "I trust you for the joke being a good one!"

—Athenaeus.



Neatly Hit Off

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox hit off in a neat epigram a notorious difference in the world's treatment of the sexes.

"To say," she observed, "that everybody is talking about a young man is a eulogy; but to say that everybody is talking about a young woman is an elegy."—*Tribune*.

Forgot the Judge

Two lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order! Order!" said the judge gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."—*Wasp*.

An optimist is one who would rather believe that everything is all right than know the truth.—*Lippincott's*.



"CERTAIN MAGAZINES HAVE AN UPLIFTING INFLUENCE."

Not in His Line

"When you are grown up," queried the visitor, "will you be a doctor, like your father?"

"Oh, dear me, no! Why, I couldn't even kill a rabbit," replied the boy with great frankness.—*Argonaut*.

To Sleep on the Premises

A Washingtonian, owning a country place near the capital, engaged as stable-boy a country lad from eastern Maryland.

During his last stay at the place the owner did not see the boy for several days. Finally, however, having special need of the lad, it occurred to him that the stable-hand was not exactly "on the job."

"Where the deuce do you keep yourself?" demanded the master of the place. "I don't believe I've seen you since you were engaged. Have you been asleep all this while?"

"Yes, sir," was the unexpected response. "I thought that was what you wanted, sir."

"What I wanted!" exclaimed the employer, amazed. "What are you driving at?"

"Well, sir," explained the lad, "your advertisement said you wanted a boy of sixteen; to sleep on the premises."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

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Physicians and World Famous People praise the Reconstructive Powers of

Sanatogen

THE FOOD-TONIC

The King's Physician

—Dr. Ernest Ott, Marienbad: "I have used Sanatogen for years with excellent results, notably in cases where it was desirable to build up strength, stimulate the bodily functions and improve the circulation of the blood."

Emperor Frederic's Physician

—Professor Tobold, M.D.: "My experience points to the fact that patients suffering from nervous exhaustion and who present the troublesome symptoms of neurasthenia, by using Sanatogen, in a comparatively short time regain strength and vitality."

The Czar of Russia's Private Physician

—Dr. Ferchmin: "My daughter, who was very nervous and anæmic, has been greatly benefited by the prolonged use of Sanatogen. Her appetite improved, her weight increased, and the color of her skin became healthier."

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—Surgeon General Dr. Kerzl, of Vienna: "I have been using Sanatogen with splendid results and recommend it continually and everywhere because I am thoroughly convinced that it is an excellent food-tonic."

The King of Italy's Physician

—Dr. G. Quirico: "I have used Sanatogen with marked benefit in the case of weakly children, and in convalescence after long illnesses. I consider Sanatogen a most excellent tonic-food."

Marie Tempest

The Versatile Comedienne, says: "Your 'Sanatogen' is a most admirable preparation, and I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends."

Mme. Mariette Mazarin

The famous prima donna, says: "Sanatogen was recommended to me by a well-known physician and I have found it a true re-vitalizer. I have never felt better than now and am sure Sanatogen is largely responsible."

Mlle. Gerville-Reache

The operatic star, says: "For nervous indigestion I know Sanatogen's value, as it has completely restored my digestive organs to their natural state of health."

Channing Pollock

The well-known play-wright, says: "Following the production of 'Such a Little Queen' I suffered an unusually severe case of brain fog. I began taking Sanatogen and, within a month, found myself as clear-minded, as ambitious and as full of energy as ever before."

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Dean of the stage, says: "I have found Sanatogen a most valuable tonic and stimulant during a period when I had to work very hard under conditions of great weakness and ill-health."

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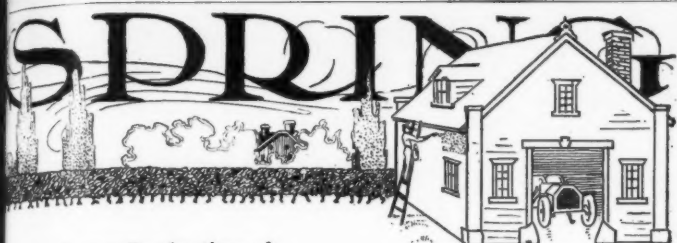
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over zealous automobile salesmen. Surprising as
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profits on a top.

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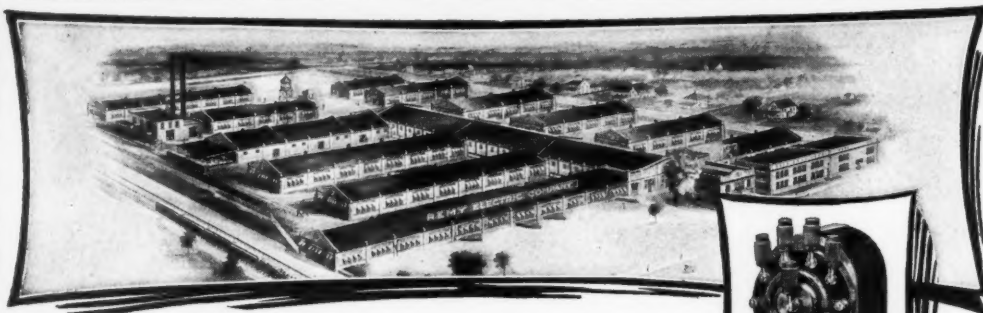
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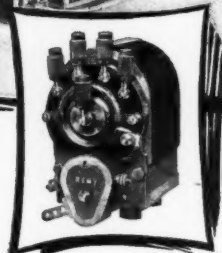
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"Say, Pop, what's a pessimist?"

"A pessimist, my son, is one who, of two evils, chooses them both."—*Everybody's*.

A Rather Dull Pearl

There is an anecdote in J. A. Hamerton's *George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism*, which hints at the possibility of the great novelist's fountain of talk being sealed at times.

A lady who had friends in Surrey who were on terms of some intimacy with the novelist was greatly charmed on one occasion when visiting there to find that Meredith was to be one of the guests at dinner.

She prepared herself for a rich ingathering of his celebrated flowers of witty talk.

But he was singularly silent throughout the visit, and the only Meredithian phrase the lady could carry away with her was his remark, when reaching across his neighbor for the salt:

"Excuse the picnic stretch."—*Youth's Companion*.

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Local Color

"Jamie," said his mother, as she came into the room where the boy sat reading, "why have you those turkey feathers sticking up on your head?"

Jamie lifted his earnest face, which, with its red-flannel headband stuck full of turkey quills looked almost ferocious, and answered:

"I'm reading Cooper, mother, and it helps."—*Judge*.

THE following was told of the patient of a well-known physician:

The patient, an elderly gentleman, became quite ill while the doctor was absent upon a holiday, the indisposition being the result of too frequent pota-

ASHVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

tions. A female nurse was at once engaged to care for him in his hotel.

A lady residing in the same hotel became aware of his illness and interested herself to the extent of one morning inquiring concerning his condition of the chambermaid.

"Shure, ma'am," replied Maggie, "an' I think he do be gettin' along very well. The nurse was sittin' on his lap this mornin'!"—*Western Druggist*.

High Finance

KNICKER: Why did you pay \$40.53 for that hat?

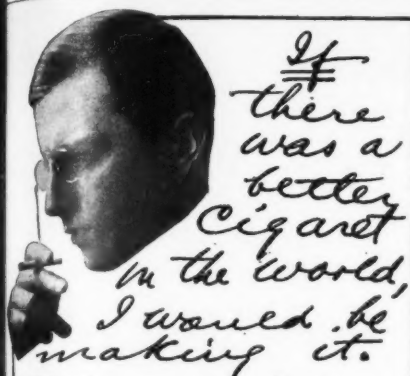
MRS. KNICKER: I had to do it to make my check book balance.—*Sun*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

His Choice

JUDGE: You are privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being impanelled.

"Well, then, yer Honor, Oi'll foight the shmall mon wid wan eye, in the corner, there ferninst yez."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.



That's my peculiarity—
What's yours?

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RUSSIAN
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Rhymed Reviews

• Lady Merton, Colonist

(By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Double-
day, Page & Co.)

Is Mrs. Humphry Ward awake?

Perchance she dreams. At least I'm
certain

That normally she couldn't make

So weak a book as "Lady Merton."

Our Lady finds the woods and leas

Of Canada quite recreative,

And falls in love with all she sees,

Including Anderson, a native.

This Anderson's an engineer;

He loves her, too; he saves her
brother;

Because his father's past is queer
He strives his honest love to smother.

She makes him pay an English call;
Her people find him good and clever;
They wed; they leave her ancient hall
To dwell in Canada forever.

The whole contrivance makes it look
As if, to risk a rash opinion,
This patriotic tourist book
Was writ to boom the great Do-
minion.

Arthur Guiterman.

THIS FAMOUS TEST OF POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

Preserves and
Beautifies

Overcomes Shaving
Soreness

HAS CONVINCED
MILLIONS



NOW LET IT CONVINCE YOU

Pompeian Massage Cream makes people good-looking by complete facial cleanliness, but you can make *the test* on your hand and see the result. We say that soap and water will take *off* the dirt, but won't take *out* the dirt. And it is the dirt *that is in*—not the dirt that is *on*—that makes the skin muddy and sallow; that keeps the rosy blood from the circulation it seeks.

Here is the Test: Wash your hands thoroughly in warm water and with the best obtainable soap. Get your hands just as clean as old-time methods will permit, then apply Pompeian Massage Cream on the back of the hand as in the above illustration; rub it gently, but firmly. It is quickly absorbed, and a minute's more massage will bring it out of the pores, together with the dirt which has accumulated there. The darkened, dirt-laden cream that comes from the pores will astonish you.

Try this simple hand test. If it does not convince you of the merit of Pompeian, and its necessity as a *complete* cleanser for the face-pores, we have nothing more to say. A skin "Pompeian clean" means a clear, fresh complexion.

SEND FOR A TRIAL JAR



with which to try out for yourself the wonderful pore-cleansing and skin-improving qualities of Pompeian Massage Cream. Send 6 cts. in silver or stamps (only U.S. stamps accepted). If your dealer doesn't keep it, we'll send a 50-cent, 75-cent or \$1.00 jar, postpaid, on receipt of price.

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SUCH PARTINGS BREAK THE HEART

The Literary Zoo.

The Dialect ob Zprigng

Just beguz LIVE—zuffering from a zlidt gold in the head—led fall a few joice remargs on zprigng ztypes, Bister Franglin Phtisis Adams, an authoridy on gatarrh dialect, underdakes do asberse our pards of sbeegch. He would, if he gould, gorrecgt our gonsonants, ad sbpray our vowels with the garbolic acid ob his wid. Berhabs he gan. As Sogrates would zay, id's ub do him do magk good his diddle to Chicargo cidizenzhib. Any one from Chicargo should be an authoridy on gatarrh dialect. Id the first blace the glimate ob Chicargo eggzercises thad idfluenza od the mugous mebbbrane zo abbastent in the zbeech ob the nadvies. The Frengch agzend as heard in thad down is even more nasal thad in Ganada or Baris. In the secgond blace, the inhabidants ob Chicargo are acgustomed do hold their noses whenever the wind blows frob the stocgyards, whichj—zooth do zay—id doo often does. These thigs are fordnade, as oderwise Chicargoans gould nod gorrectly zay "Chi-car-go," whichj they always do.

Still, we think Bister Adams is doo sedsitive do variations in the gatarrh dialect. Before he rises at the drob of the hangkerchief to gast asbersions od our zprigng sbeegch he should remebber thad authoridies divver, ad thad the world is wide. A Chicargo man, for idstance, sbeaking the ordinary Chicargo dialect, with a slidt

(Continued on page 895)

Approved
for your car
above all
other tire
equip-
ment—



"With Firestone Demountable Rims, the motorist over-
taken by tire mishap merely
unlocks the rim carrying injured
tire and substitutes a spare rim
with its already inflated tire and
resumes his trip."

Firestone

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Firestone Demountable Rims were used by 50 per cent. more manufacturers at these shows than any other demountable rims of any type clincher or otherwise.

They were the only ones of the quick-detachable type good enough for these men to use on their exhibit cars at any 1910 show, anywhere.

Does the unanimous approval of the "men who know" count with you? If so, let us equip your car right now.

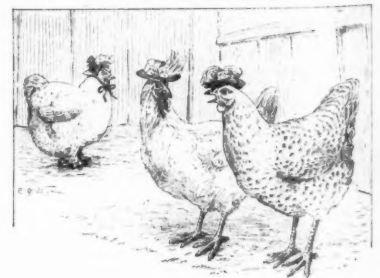
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"WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT FROM ONE WHO INSISTS ON HATCHING HER OWN EGGS."

How about a supply of Evans' Ale?

In EMERGENCY Try
Hunyadi János
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Avoid Substitutes

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 894)

gold in his head, would not talck eggss-
actly ligke a Yorgshire man zuffering
from Amerigan gatarrrh. We abbeal
do the *Dial* for gonfirmation ob our
gondention.

Besides, we understand that the
drafts on the *Evenig Mail*, though
cghill, are by no means zo frequent or
zo great as the drafts on LIVE. Zo,
avter all, our gatarrrhal dialegct is nod
do be sneezed ad. We, doo, are ub do
smuvv on these thigs, even if we were
nod brod ub in Chicargo.

W. D. L.

Abril 5.

Willm Shaks as a Commuter

It may be recalled—even by those
New Jersey commuters for whom
bridge whist, Mr. Roosevelt and the
train service are sufficient subjects of
conversation—that some months ago
the ablest of our serious writers, Mark
Twain, put forth a little book, with the
Harper imprint, entitled "Is Shake-
speare Dead?" Certain British re-
viewers approached it with caution, as

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Efficiency in the Rauch & Lang Car is due to
its adherence to correct Mechanical Construc-
tion—Double Chain Drive—Compound Wound
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accidents.

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sions of delight from every discriminating per-
son by reason of perfect proportion and abso-
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equipment. We have dealers in all the prin-
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You'll receive
the biggest

Surprise

You ever had
in your

Life

the product of a lovable American
humorist who might or might not be
laughing in a capacious sleeve. In this
country it made something of a stir, as
anything by Mark Twain is apt to do.
Indeed, one of our most competent lit-
erary critics has personally assured us
that for him it put the first question
mark against the identity of whoever
it was that wrote "Hamlet" without
consulting the Dr. Ely Jelliffe of his
day. On the other hand, "The Shake-

speare Case Restated," by G. G. Green-
wood, M. P.—which Mr. Clemens
frankly and freely quoted as an au-
thoritative utterance—is practically un-
known here. We'll wager the latest
novel by Mr. Howells against the com-
plete works of Ralph Connor that if
you ask for it at Macy's book depart-
ment you will either be told it is out of
stock or directed to take the Brooklyn
trolley for Flatbush Avenue, and

(Continued on page 896)



Corliss-Coon

“Golfing” 2 for 25c.

The New Comfort Collar

Write for New Style Book, Showing all the Latest Shapes; The Best Furnishers almost everywhere sell Corliss-Coon Collars. If not willingly supplied, send us 25c. for any two Collars you would like to try.

Corliss-Coon & Co. Dept. j. Troy, N. Y.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 895)

change cars just before you get to the cemetery.

No one excepting Satan (said the always delightful Mark) has so little real biography to write about as had Shakespeare of Stratford. But now (soberly we say it), with the publication of *Harper's Magazine* for March, the biographical details of all books about Shakespeare must be revised. In that number of our oldest great magazine there appears the most remarkable contribution on the subject that has been printed in many generations. Dr. Chas. Willm Wallace, who wrote it, is an assistant professor of English literature in the University of Nebraska. He himself does not “play up” the actual news it contains—obscuring the kernel of the item with the shell of conjecture, failing even to understand how paramount are his few amazing facts to the insignificant data disclosed by his previous discovery exploited in England and the *New York Times* last

October, and buried now in the limbo of the Sunday files.

Briefly, Dr. Willm Wallace, of Nebraska, U. S. A., a Ph.D. of Freiburg, a loyal believer in his immortal namesake, has, with the aid of a devoted German wife, mined among a million musty records belonging to the Court of Requests, and discovered among these long-neglected documents twenty-six original papers in a suit at law, which clearly establish, and for the first time:

That Shakespeare, in his great creative years, lodged in a certain house with a French family, the Mountjoys.

That it was from this family that Shakespeare derived his knowledge of French, of which he made such considerable use in his plays.

Dr. Wallace incidentally has brought to light a new Shakespeare signature—the abbreviated one of “Willm Shaks.” To this he ascribes more importance than we do, though we follow him up to a certain point. For us its chief interest lies in its confirmation of the views held by that eminent Shakespeare expert, Mr. Bernard Shaw, who insists that the author of “As You Like It” wrote his plays in verse rather than in the prose of which he was past master, simply because verse is easier to write, and he was always in a hurry. The abbreviated “Willm Shaks” goes further than Mr. Shaw in establishing this interesting contention. That Shakespeare was in a hurry is now undoubtedly shown by Dr. Wallace, who plainly indicates his daily route from his

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(TRADE MARK)

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321 All White Kid or Linen, three buckle.....6.00

Special colors in suede or kid, to order 7.00

All have Louis XV or Cuban heels.



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One of the many NOVEL MODELS IN WOMEN'S FOOT WEAR displaying the effectiveness of the SHORT VAMP—original feature found only in the William Bernstein Short Vamp Shoes, producing the daintiest, prettiest style without sacrificing perfect fit and comfortable wearing qualities. Your check or money order, stating style, No. and size, will bring you this Shoe promptly. You will find it unlike anything you have ever seen or worn, and more satisfactory.

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The largest clientele of women in the world is supplied with the original Short Vamp Shoes through our Mail Order System, which has unusually satisfactory facilities. Catalogue “O” describes many new shoes. Free on request.

lodgings with the Mountjoys across the ferry to the Globe Theatre. Thus it proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt that Shakespeare was a commuter—a man very much like the rest of us. We have no doubt that he hurried when he crossed the Styx, passing the time of day with Charon, reaching as he hurried for his small change and his small Latin.

It is time that the *Omaha Bee* got busy and trumpeted the fame of Willm (Continued on page 897)



“I'D HAVE TO CHANGE MY NAME IF IT WERE USED ON ME.”

RAD-BRIDGE

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40 Minutes from B'way
THE MONTCLAIR
 "ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP"
 MONTCLAIR, N. J.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 896)

Wallace. Hooray for the freshwater college! Let Yale and S. Weir Mitchell, LL.D. Harvard, look to their laurels. We have it on the authority of George Ade that at least one freshwater college graduate has several Harvard men working for him. Unthinkable, but so.

We cannot, it must be confessed, subscribe to all the facts or semblance of facts recorded by this Ph.D. of Freiburg—this grubber of genius and infinite pains, who tells us that Shakespeare wrote like a German and not in a Spencerian hand, as we had rather supposed—not even in the "fine Italian hand," which one might deduce from Richard Mansfield's Machiavelian conception of Richard III. In "Timon" and in "Pericles" Dr. Wallace "smells the victualler." Why? Merely because Shakespeare's collaborator in these plays was Wilkins, an innkeeper. That, to our mind, is very much as if the modern Shakespeare, B. Shaw, collaborated with Simeon Ford (in some such trifle as "Man and Superman"), and we should instantly scent the cuisine. We think there is much better evidence to suppose that Mountjoy (perhaps Mme. Mountjoy), rather than Wilkins, had a hand in "Pericles" at least. Why? We are no scholar, yet it is deeply impressed upon our mind that Pericles was Prince of Tyre, and Mountjoy was, according to Dr. Wallace, a tyre-maker. Inferences less substantial have been advanced by certain learned gentlemen dusty with much delving while we fled the golden hours in Arden. We are modest, but why should Locke Richardson have caused such excitement simply because of his suggestion that the youthful Falstaff was perhaps a choir-boy, because Falstaff, dying,

"Porosknit"

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FOR MEN

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"babbled of green fields," as if he had early known the Psalms?

Finally, we are slow to accept Dr. Wallace's idea that it was in the neighboring Italian quarter—on the stairs of some tenement—that Shakespeare first saw his Romeo and Juliet. To us it is a notion terrible as an army with bananas. Hereafter in our mind's eye we shall always see that rapturously unhappy pair on a fire-escape, and hear the English sparrow, not the lark, singing at heaven's gate.

Nevertheless, we are grateful. We could only wish that along with the new signature we could get a new photograph—something that would do justice to that "fine and solid head" admired of Taine, and yet displace the "silly smiling thing" execrated by Gainsborough. A true likeness of Willm Shaks—the man whose boots Thackeray would so gladly have blacked. That would be a boon. Yet we rest content with Dr. Wallace. To

(Continued on page 899)

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 897)

think that an American, after all these years of Shakespeare's homeless wanderings, should supply him with a local habitation and a name! It almost makes us forget Dr. Cook.

Willm T. Larned.

Alias John Carter. Et Al

Makers of the obvious epigram are in high spirits because a glad, sad, bad, mad poet, whose real name is neither John Carter nor François Villon, has been serving a sentence for burglary in the Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater, and incidentally attuning his lyre for the *Century* and for *Harper's Weekly*. The affair has caused quite a considerable furor, more especially in the envious breasts of the potential poets who would gladly go to gaol (a spelling preferred by poets) if editors would just only read their offerings.

We have read Mr. Alias Carter's "Con Sordini" in the sporting, or baseball, number of the *Century* for April, and commit ourselves to the opinion that in feeling and felicity of versifications it ranks with many of



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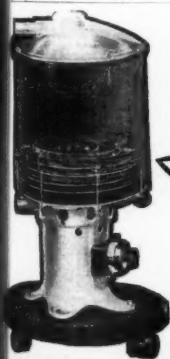
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the fine poems by the versatile bard whom we know under the alias of Anon. Byron, it is true, is no longer read and "Childe Harold" is of "the things that were." "Con Sordini," written in the meter of that great dead poem, cannot but remind us of certain noble stanzas climaxed with rolling Alexandrines broken on the cruel reefs of Time. Yet "Con Sordini" is no "filler." That would have been a sorry jest, since it was for lack of a filler

that Alias Carter emulated the taking ways of Master François Villon.

But John Carter—not a *nom de plume*, says Mr. Bert Taylor—but obviously a *pen name*: Will his example make America a nest of singing gaol-birds? It was one of those Elizabethans who asseverated:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

Nor does gaol, it might be supposed,
(Continued on page 900)

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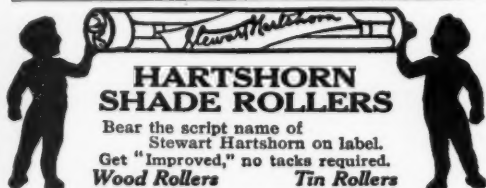
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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 899)

liberate the nightingale in the throat, or brain, of the gaol-bird. Yet that is precisely what happened in the case of Alias Carter. There is a popular fallacy to the effect that it's easy to write poetry if you're hungry enough, but that it takes genius to get it printed. Alias Carter wrote nothing before his imprisonment. A mute inglorious Milton, his "muted strings" awoke on a Stillwater diet which—if the menu were made generally known—should relegate the cost of living question to merely gross and materialistic family circles.



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This hitherto unsuspected effect of incarceration seems to us the most significant thing in the whole episode. Iron bars may not make a cage, yet apparently they inspire to song.

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.

So Blake. Yet the canary, we understand, sings best in captivity. It is only a Nature's child who warbles his native wood-notes wild for the ear of posterity. Our ephemeral songsters are mostly city bred. Genius is no longer bucolic, but suburban or metropolitan. It thrives where once it might have perished. Will our poets take the hint? If so, we respectfully suggest:

Six months for Mr. Clinton Scollard.

An indeterminate sentence for Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, with commutation for good behavior.

Transportation (say to Patagonia) for Mr. Alfred Austin.

Three more years on the Island (Staten) for Mr. Edwin Markham.

For Mr. Rudyard Kipling, a life sentence would perhaps suffice.

W. T. Larned.

Shakespeare on Baseball

I will go root.—"Richard III."
Now you strike like the blind man.—
"Much Ado About Nothing."
Out, I say.—"Macbeth."
I will be short.—"Hamlet."
Thou canst not hit it; hit it! hit it!—
"Love's Labor's Lost."
He knows the game.—"Henry VI."
O, hateful error.—"Julius Cæsar."
A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit!—
"Hamlet."



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He will steal, sir.—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Whom right and wrong have chosen as umpire.—"Love's Labor's Lost."

Let the world slide.—"Taming of the Shrew."

He has killed a fly.—"Titus Andronicus."

The play as I remember pleased not the million.—"Hamlet."

What an arm he has.—"Coriolanus."

They cannot sit at ease on the old bench.—"Romeo and Juliet."

Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves threw incense.—"King Lear."—
Chicago Tribune.

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"Yours sincerely,

"E. W. NYE (BILL NYE)."

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—J. M. Peebles, A.M., M.D., Ph.D.

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Most adages are false or partly so. One of the exceptions which proves this rule is the absolute verity of the statement that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it." Remembering this, it would seem as though the following conclusions, drawn from actual experience, are worth considering when we come to weigh the theoretical advantages of a revolutionary reform concerning the probable results of which we know absolutely nothing in fact.

Here in Idaho we have given the ladies votes, and most of us wish we had not. The ladies, even more than the men, love to be humbugged, and there is growing up in the commonwealth a sort of politician who likes to pose as religious, who attends church meetings and refers blithesomely to his "brothers" and "sisters" and catches many female votes thereby. Even if his countenance discloses evidences of a joyous and untrammelled life, the "sisters" only rejoice the more at the "one lost lamb which has returned to the fold," and the condition is that unless a man is a hypocrite his chances in public life are handicapped. A man has his place in the world, and a woman has her place. The good Lord made us that way and any attempt to upset the order of creation is bound to have very uncomfortable results. Women's suffrage is a joke, and almost a misdemeanor.—*Lewiston, Idaho, Teller.*

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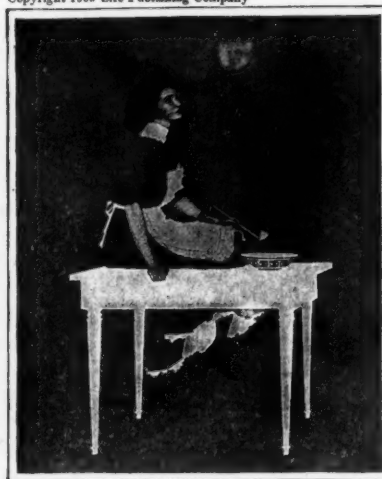
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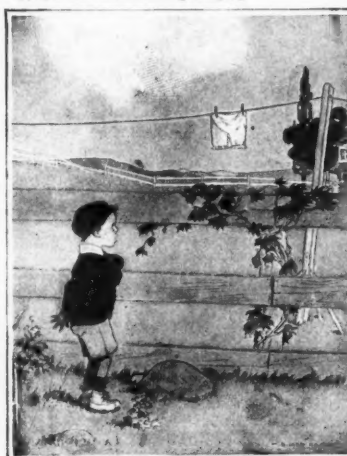
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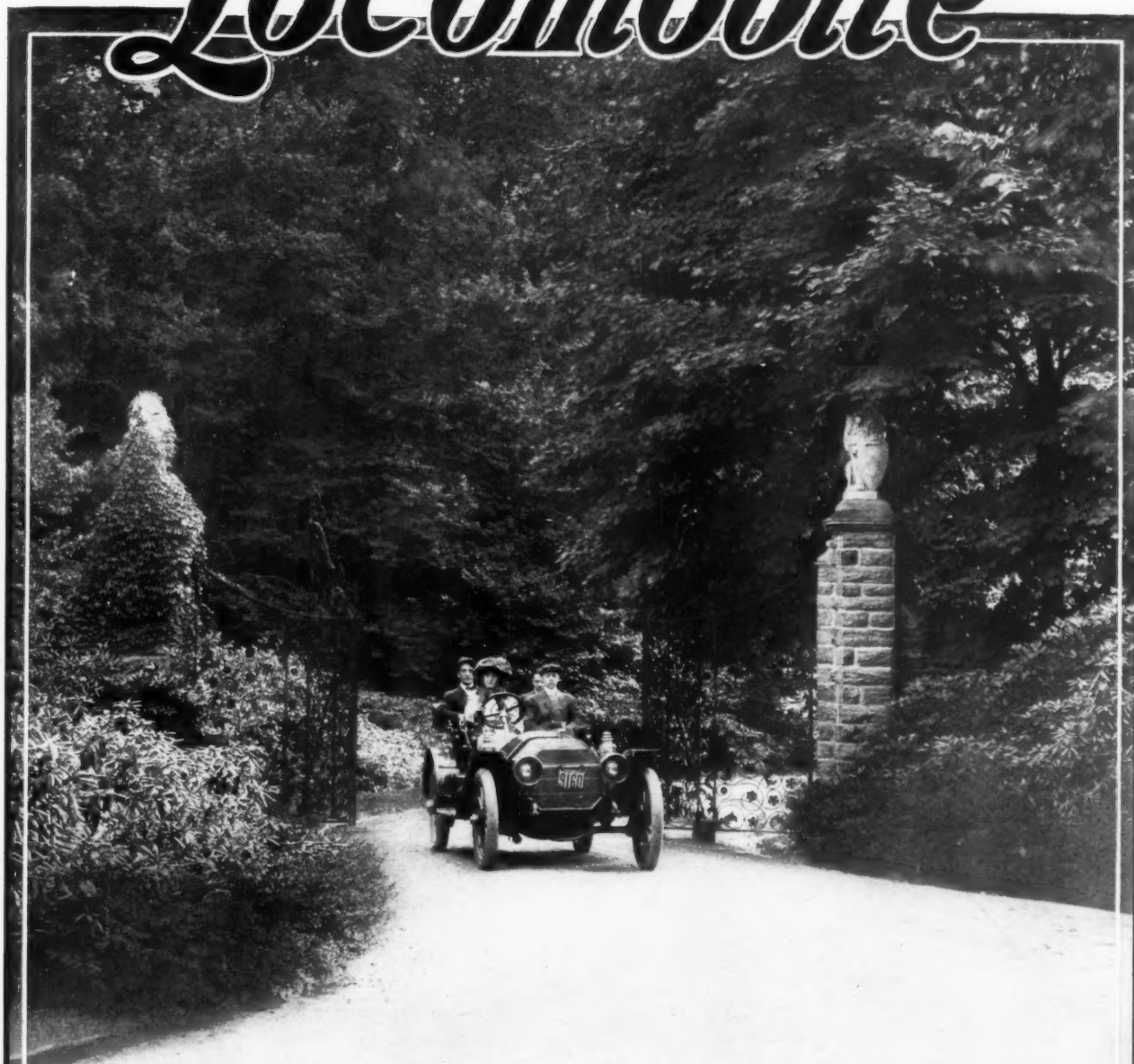
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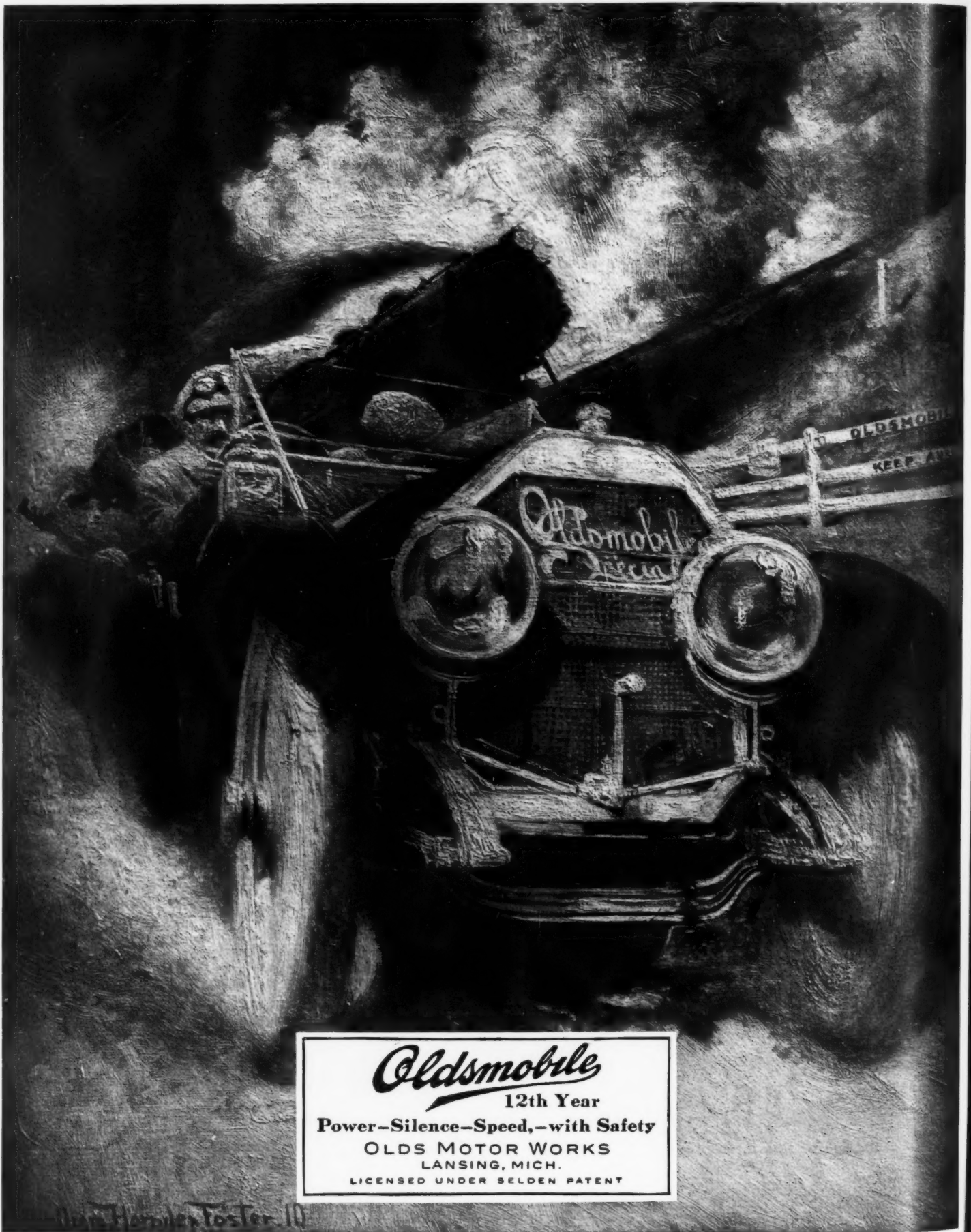
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